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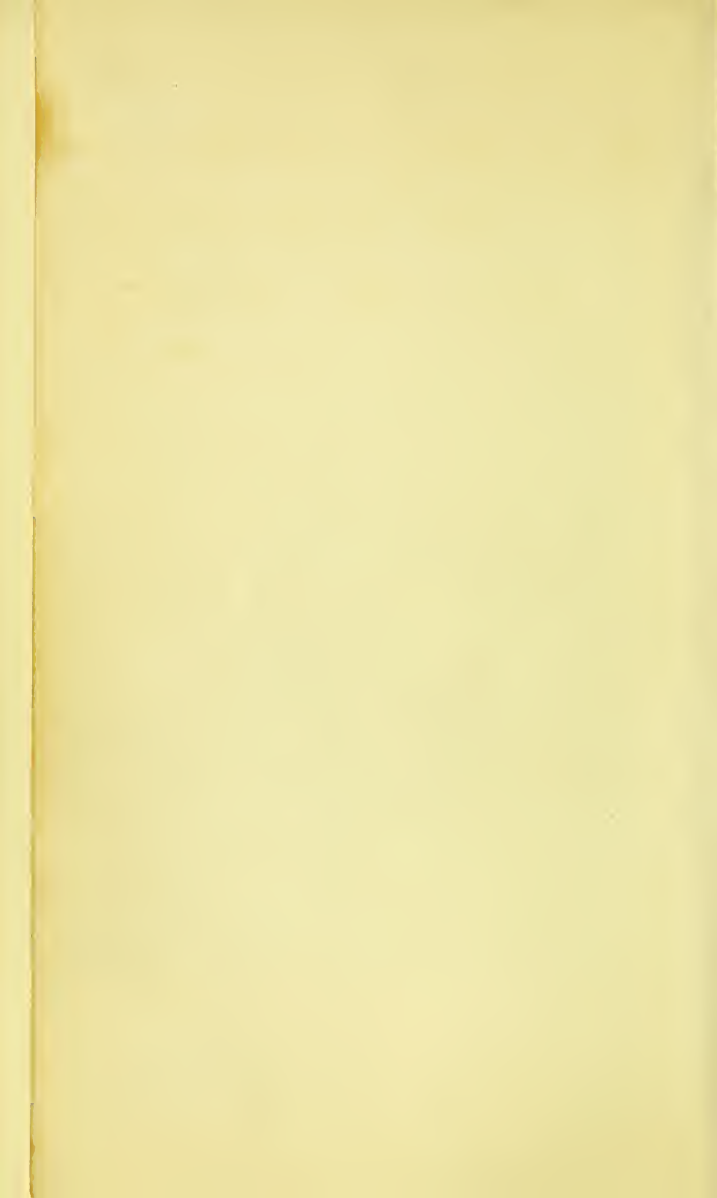
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To  
The Royal College of Physicians  
most respectfully  
from the Author  
A. H.

1861. Dec. 1st. To the  
Hon. Secy of the  
War Dept. Wash. D. C.  
N. Y.

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# ESSAYS AND ORATIONS,

READ AND DELIVERED

AT THE

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

OPENING OF THE TOMB OF KING CHARLES I.

BY

SIR HENRY HALFORD, BART.,

M.D., G.C.H.,

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

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## P R E F A C E.

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OF the following small collection of Papers, the first two were written for a work called 'The Transactions of the Royal College of Physicians,' and were published in the fourth and fifth volumes of the series. The third was meant for the same work, but it was read at an evening meeting of the College, which was attended by many eminent characters in the church and in the law, as well as a numerous body of the profession.

The subsequent ones were written expressly for a mixed audience, to whom it was probable that a strictly professional paper

would be less acceptable than one on a medical subject capable of being illustrated by literature, (a common bond of connexion of all the liberal professions,) or which admitted of a discussion of the duties and offices of a physician in that last scene of human life in which every man, sooner or later, must appear and bear his part. The conduct of a physician on whom is fixed the only hope of saving life, and on whom the dying look often rests before the eye is closed for ever, may fairly be thought interesting to every hearer.

Papers so addressed to an audience have something of a rhetorical character about them, and approach the nature of the Latin Orations which follow. The first of these was given many years ago in commemoration of the Benefactors and eminent Physicians of the College ; the second on occa-

sion of opening the new building, in 1825 ; the third in commemoration of Benefactors and eminent Physicians, in place of Sir George Tuthill, who had died after undertaking it.





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ESSAYS  
ON  
MEDICAL SUBJECTS.

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ESSAY I.

ON THE CLIMACTERIC DISEASE.

THE human constitution, in its progress to maturity, undergoes repeated changes, by which its energies are developed; and it reaches at length that degree of perfection, whatever it may be, of which the individual nature is capable.

Other changes, too, of an important kind, generally occur in the decline of life; and philosophers have amused themselves with calculating the period at which these must

happen, from the successive alterations which the frame underwent in early youth; not taking into their account the influence which moral causes have in our progress through life, in disturbing the regularity of natural processes, nor considering that various accidents and habits of living more frequently determine the number of a man's years, than the strength of the stamina with which he was born.

It will not be disputed, however, that the alteration of the condition of the system in age is not so well marked as that which took place in the beginning of life; and it must be admitted, that in some persons who have reached very great age, no such alteration has been manifested at the epochs which have been called climacteric. The period of the occurrence of this change in men, in general, is so very irregular, that it may be

occasionally remarked at any time between fifty and seventy-five years of age; and I will venture to question, whether it be not, in truth, a *disease*, rather than a mere declension of strength, and decay of the natural powers. To the argument by which it is maintained that it is mere decay, it may be sufficient to answer, that men frequently *rally* from the languid and feeble condition of their system into which this change had thrown them—become, to a certain degree, themselves again, and live for years afterwards.

But it appears to me to have the signs of a marked and particular disease; and I would describe it as a falling away of the flesh in the decline of life, without any obvious source of exhaustion, accompanied with a quicker pulse than natural, and an extraordinary alteration in the expression of the countenance.

Sometimes the disorder comes on so gradually and insensibly, that the patient is hardly aware of its commencement. He perceives that he is sooner tired than usual, and that he is thinner than he was; but yet he has nothing material to complain of. In process of time, his appetite becomes seriously impaired: his nights are sleepless; or, if he gets sleep, he is not refreshed by it. His face becomes visibly extenuated, or perhaps acquires a bloated look. His tongue is white, and he suspects that he has a fever.

If he asks advice, his pulse is found quicker than it should be, and he acknowledges that he has felt pains occasionally in his head and chest, and that his legs are disposed to swell; yet there is no deficiency in the quantity of his urine, nor any other sensible failure in the action of the abdo-



minal viscera, excepting that the bowels are more sluggish than they used to be.

Sometimes the headach is accompanied with vertigo; and sometimes severe rheumatic pains, as the patient believes them to be, are felt in various parts of the body, and in the limbs; but, on inquiry, these have not the ordinary seat, nor the common accompaniments of rheumatism, and seem rather to take the course of nerves, than of the muscular fibres.

In the latter stages of this disease, the stomach seems to lose all its powers; the frame becomes more and more emaciated; the cellular membrane, in the lower limbs, is laden with fluid; there is an insurmountable restlessness by day, and a total want of sleep at night; the mind grows torpid and indifferent to what formerly interested it; and the patient sinks at last, seeming

rather to cease to live, than to die of a mortal distemper.

Such is the ordinary course of this disorder in its most simple form, when it proves fatal. When the powers of the constitution are superior to the influence of the malady, the patient loses his symptoms gradually, recovers his rest and his appetite, and, to a certain degree, his muscular strength and flesh; but the energies of his frame are never again what they were before, nor does the countenance recover its former volume and expression.

But it is seldom that we have an opportunity of observing this malady in its simple form; and never, I believe, but in a patient whose previous life has been entirely healthy. We find it generally complicated with other complaints, assuming their character, and accompanying them in their course; and

perhaps this may be the reason why we do not find the climacteric disease described in books of nosology as a distinct and particular distemper. It blends itself with the effects of any fixed organic mischief in the constitution ; takes on the appearance of any periodical irritation to which a patient may have been subject, or adopts the features of a casual disease. When it is associated with organic mischief, it is difficult to distinguish the climacteric complaint from that train of symptoms which commonly supervenes, sooner or later, on diseased structure ; but its presence ought to be suspected if the complaints are all unusually exasperated, if a fatal result be threatened earlier than is usual in the common course of things, and, above all other indications, if that character be impressed on the countenance which peculiarly distinguishes this disorder.

When a patient has been subject frequently to periodical attacks of gout, it readily adopts the signs of this indisposition; but the patient complains that his gout is not so perfect as it ought to be—that the disease lingers—that he does not find the relief he has formerly experienced at the same period of a fit of the gout, and grows weary at length of repeated efforts made, in vain, to assist him in throwing out a more vigorous disease.

When it combines itself with an accidental disorder—a common cold, for instance, the symptoms of catarrh continue to manifest themselves, and even to predominate throughout the greater period of the duration of the climacteric disease, and so hide from the patient and his friends, who wonder he does not get well, a sense of his danger, until at length the extraordinary

protraction of the complaint, and an unusual decay of flesh and strength, obtrude the painful truth that there is some deficiency of vital power in his system.

I should observe, that though this climacteric disease is sometimes equally remarkable in women as in men, yet most certainly I have not noticed it so frequently nor so well characterized in females. Perhaps the severe affections of their system, which often attend the bearing of children, or, what is more likely, the change which the female constitution undergoes at the cessation of the catamenia, may render subsequent alterations less perceptible.

Of the various immediate causes to which this malady may owe its commencement, there is none more frequent than a common cold. When the body is predisposed to this change, any occasion of feverish ex-

citement, and a privation of rest at the same time, will readily induce it. I have known an act of intemperance, where intemperance was not habitual, the first apparent cause of it. A fall, which did not appear of consequence at the moment, and which would not have been so at any other time, has sometimes jarred the frame into this disordered action. A marriage contracted late in life has also afforded the first occasion to this change ; but, above all, anxiety of mind and sorrow have laid the surest foundation for the malady in its least remediable form.

The effects of grief on the body, physicians have daily occasion to witness and deplore ; but they remark that its influence is very different at an early from what it is at a late period of life. A mind actively engaged, in youth, in the pursuit of fame

and fortune, is hardly vulnerable by any disaster which does not immediately stop its career of success ; and if a deep impression be made by misfortune, new schemes of ambition and the gradual influence of time contribute to obliterate it ; but sorrow late in life has fewer resources, and more easily lets in disease. Have a man's circumstances been suddenly overwhelmed by some unexpected calamity ?—there is not time to repair his losses, to recover his station in society, and he pines in gloomy despondency. Or has death inflicted the wound in his peace of mind ? At this time of life it may be the partner of all his happiness and all his care has been torn from him ; or a child, who had grown up to be his comfort and support ; or perhaps a friend, a contemporary, with his regret for whom there is mixed



an apprehension that the next blow may fall on himself; and if at this moment a survey of past life be not more consolatory than the prospect of what remains, adieu to that animating and enlivening hope—which is cheerfulness—which is health.

Physicians will not expect me to propose a cure for this malady. In fact, I have nothing to offer with confidence in that view beyond a caution, that the symptoms of the disease be not met by too active a treatment. It is not very improbable that this important change in the condition of the constitution is connected with a deficiency in the energy of the brain itself, and an irregular supply of the nervous influence to the heart. Whatever, therefore, would weaken the general system must be detrimental; and it seems in all cases of this



kind more prudent to direct local than general evacuations for the relief of occasional congestions in the blood-vessels.

For the torpor of the stomach and digestive organs, the warmer purgatives are generally preferable to those of a saline kind; and I have often been better satisfied with the effect of *Decoctum Aloes Compositum* than that of other evacuants.

If the system appear to be surmounting its difficulties, the Bath water may be recommended with probable advantage, particularly if the stomach has been weakened by intemperance, and still more especially if symptoms of gout shall have blended themselves with those of the climacteric malady in its course.

For the rest 'the patient must minister to himself.' To be able to contemplate with

complacency either issue of a disorder which the great Author of our being may, in his kindness, have intended as a warning to us to prepare for a better existence, is of prodigious advantage to recovery, as well as to comfort, and the retrospect of a well-spent life is a cordial of infinitely more efficacy than all the resources of the medical art.

## ESSAY II.

ON THE NECESSITY OF CAUTION IN THE  
ESTIMATION OF SYMPTOMS IN THE LAST  
STAGES OF SOME DISEASES.

It is of great importance to the character of a physician to be able to foretell the issue of a disease ; and it is of essential comfort to the friends of his patient, if the malady has been an incurable one, that he should have apprised them that he expected a fatal termination of it. Where this has not been done, the poignancy of the grief of the family is liable to be increased by a reflection that the physician himself was taken by surprise, and, therefore, probably had not made use

of all the resources of his art, by which the catastrophe might have been prevented. On the other hand, if with discretion and feeling he had disclosed his apprehensions of the fatal result, their sorrow would be mitigated by a conclusion that every thing had been done to save life which skill could suggest, and their future confidence in that physician's assistance would be confirmed and increased.

The art of physic has been called a conjectural one; and so it is, if that term be construed to mean only that uncertainty which attaches to all reasoning from what has happened to what will *therefore* happen again,—in other words, to inferences drawn from general results, and applied to particular instances; but this is the only legitimate reasoning of which the science of medicine, in common with many other sci-

ences, admits; and it suggests, therefore, the necessity of recording facts, carefully ascertained by repeated experience. Were this done by every physician of extensive practice, what appears extraordinary in a single instance would become familiar by repeated observation, and the difficulty of prognosticating would be materially diminished, to the great credit of physic, and to the satisfaction of its professors.

It often happens at the latter end of some diseases, both of an acute and a chronic nature, that appearances present themselves of a very equivocal and delusive nature, with which the issue of the malady does not correspond. This is most frequently the case when the resistance of the constitution against the influence of the disease has been long protracted, or when the struggle,

though short, has been very violent. Here a pause in nature, as it were, seems to take place; the disease 'has done its worst,' all strong action has ceased, the frame is fatigued by its efforts to sustain itself, and a general tranquillity pervades the whole system. This condition of comparative ease the eager wishes of friends misconstrue into the commencement of recovery, and the more readily so as the patient himself, being appealed to to confirm their anxious hopes, having lost some of his sufferings, admits, perhaps, that he is better.

The physician, however, must not be so misled. He must exercise his soundest judgment under such circumstances. He must satisfy himself that there exists real ground of improvement. For if he lend himself to such hopes unwarily, he com-

promises his own character, and runs a risk of aggravating exceedingly the painful feelings of the family.

The junior part of our profession,—those who have not yet lived as many years in the exercise of it as I have done, will take it in good part, I hope, if I point out some maladies in which such delusive appearances are most apt to take place, and suggest that caution to them in the estimation of symptoms which I have found it necessary to employ myself.

I have seen this fallacious truce in four or five instances of inflammation of the brain, particularly where the membranes covering it have been inflamed, producing phrenzy.

A young gentleman of family, about twenty-five years of age, took cold whilst under the influence of mercury. The dis-

ease increased daily, until it was accompanied at last by so much fever and delirium, as made it necessary to use not only the most powerful medicines, but also personal restraint. At length, after three days of incessant exertion, during which he never slept for an instant, he ceased to rave, and was calm and collected. His perception of external objects became correct, and they no longer distressed him, and he asked, pressingly, if it were possible that he could live? On being answered tenderly, but not in a way calculated to deceive, that it was probable he might not, he\* dictated

\* My friend, Dr. Heberden, when I mentioned this case to him, showed me a note which his father had received from a patient, written in the interval of the subsidence of a paroxysm of phrenzy and his death, which happened about fifteen hours afterwards. The note is of some length, and is written correctly.

See the chapter of Aretæus on the *Καυρος*: as remark-



most affectionate communications to his friends abroad, recollected some claims upon his purse, 'set his house in order,' and died the following night. The reason why so unfavourable an opinion was entertained of his state, was, that the apparent amendment was not preceded by sleep, and was not accompanied by a slower pulse ; two indispensable conditions, on which only a notion of real improvement could be justified. But here was merely a cessation of excitement occasioned by a diminution of power, and by a mitigated influence of the action of the heart upon the brain.

In inflammation of the bowels, generally, it is so notorious that mortification often follows a cessation of pain, that I do not think it necessary to dwell upon this form

able for the sublimity of the ideas which it contains, as for the beauty of the Ionic Greek in which they are expressed.

of disease with a view of cautioning physicians; but in that partial inflammation of the intestines which a strangulation of a portion of it in hernia produces, how often have I had occasion to deplore the disappointment and broken hopes of relatives, who, having been made happy by the assurance of the surgeon that he had reduced the protruded bowel, and that now all would be well, in only a few hours afterwards were doomed to lament the patient's death! It is an invariable rule with me still to consider life as in jeopardy, until the intestines shall have performed their functions again; all irritation having left the stomach, and the skin remaining universally and equally warm.

An abscess in the liver, connected with gall-stones in the gall-bladder, will sometimes assume the type and character of a

regular intermittent, both in the periodical recurrence of the paroxysm and in the succession of its stages. I have seen it treated as an intermittent, with the remedies usually administered to prevent the return of the fit. But a careful attention to the history of the previous symptoms will enable the physician to discover the essential difference. He will learn that there was a well-marked attack of inflammation in the region of the liver in the first instance, which has ended in the formation of an imposthume. Besides the affection of the brain in the second stage, that of reaction will be observed to exceed in severity that which attends any sure intermittent, amounting, as it does, to an apoplectic stupefaction, under which, in fact, the patient dies: and lastly, he will be struck by the extraordinary alteration of the

colour of the skin, which, from being fair, becomes of a deep brown tinge in the paroxysm. I saw three instances of this disease of the liver in the year 1805, all of which assumed the appearance of intermittent fevers. The subjects of them were females, at that period of life when the catamenia had just ceased. Two of the patients died in the fourth attack, and were examined after death. The life of the third was protracted a fortnight by the matter of the abscess having made its way into the channel of the intestines, and being thus passed off in a large quantity daily.

I will now mention a chronic disease—dropsy in the chest—in attending which a physician should be on his guard when he gives an opinion in the advanced stages of it. We have all seen, in cases of hydro-

thorax, a most material mitigation of the embarrassment in breathing ensue on the legs swelling,—so great a one, indeed, that the patient and his friends have flattered themselves that no ill remained beyond the hydropic enlargement of the lower extremities. I have to remark, that if this swelling of the legs disappear without an increased discharge of urine, the patient generally dies very soon, and very frequently suddenly; whereas, if an ample increased secretion by the kidneys *follow* the relief of dyspnœa, then every good hope of a temporary recovery, at least, may be fairly entertained; though it should be acknowledged that this species of dropsy, above all other, is most apt to return.

Another disease, which happily we see now very rarely, the confluent small-pox, requires a very guarded prognosis at a cer-

tain stage of it. The physician may fairly acquiesce in the fears of a family, when, on the completion of the eruption, he sees the face and breast one mass of disease, and may most reasonably doubt the capability of the constitution to mature and perfect so large an eruption. But he must not hold out unfounded hopes to the parents if the malady proceed in the next stage in a most satisfactory manner, beyond his expectations—the pustules ripening fully, and the process being complete: for alas! at this very moment it may be, the patient is sinking—is dead!—the powers of his constitution being exhausted by the efforts it has made, and no longer equal to the accomplishment of a protracted cure.

Analogous, somewhat, to the maturation of small-pox, is the reparation of the skin when it has been destroyed extensively by

burning. I have seen a good many instances of this misfortune, four of which proved fatal; and yet in every one of the four the wound had healed, with the exception of the space only of a crown-piece. Three of them were aged women, who were burnt principally on the trunk of the body; the fourth was a girl of seventeen years of age, who was burnt from the heel to nearly the top of the inside of the thigh. The girl became hectic in the last fortnight of her life. The others died, 'no warning given,' by any mark or particular symptom of danger. It is prudent, therefore, to consider a patient still in hazard under such circumstances, until the wound has been entirely healed for some time, and the constitution has recovered its usual energy.

I will trespass on the patience of the college a moment further, whilst I mention



one more disease, which, though it does not fall precisely within the class of those which are apt to manifest fallacious appearances in their last stages, yet is at once so dangerous and so soon fatal, that every physician should be aware of it—the paralysis of the kidney. It is not of frequent occurrence, I presume, as I have seen only five instances of it in twenty-seven years. The last was about two years since; and as it was an exact copy of all the others which had fallen under my notice, I will detail it shortly :—

A very corpulent, robust farmer, of about fifty-five years of age, was seized with a rigor, which induced him to send for his apothecary. He had not made water, it appeared, for twenty-four hours; but there was no pain, no sense of weight in the loins, no distension in any part of the abdomen,



and therefore no alarm was taken till the following morning, when it was thought proper to ascertain whether there was any water in the bladder, by the introduction of the catheter, and none was found. I was then called, and another inquiry was made, some few hours afterwards, by one of the most experienced surgeons in London, whether the bladder contained any urine or not, when it appeared clearly that there was none. The patient sat up in bed and conversed as usual, complaining of some nausea, but of nothing material in his own view; and I remember that his friends expressed their surprise that so much importance should be attached to so little apparent illness. The patient's pulse was somewhat slower than usual, and sometimes he was heavy and oppressed.

I ventured to state that if we should not

succeed in making the kidneys act, the patient would soon become comatose, and would probably die the following night ; for this was the course of the malady in every other instance which I had seen. It happened so ; he died in thirty hours after this in a state of stupefaction.

All the patients who have fallen under my care in this disease, were fat, corpulent men, between fifty and sixty years of age ; and in three of them there was observed a remarkably strong urinous smell in the perspiration twenty-four hours before death. Only one of them had complained of previous nephritic ailment. He had suffered frequently, and had passed several small calculi ; but there was no difference in the progress of his symptoms when the paralysis had once taken place.

If any water, however small the quantity,

had been made in these cases, I should have thought it possible that the patients might have recovered; for it has often surprised me to observe how small has been the measure of that excrementitious fluid which the frame has sometimes thrown off, and yet preserved itself harmless; but the cessation of the excretion altogether, is universally a fatal symptom in my experience, being followed by oppression on the brain. The observations of other physicians will supply them, no doubt, with abundant proof of the necessity of that caution which I have suggested above. My own memoranda, indeed, would furnish many more instances; but I must confine myself to the limits of a short paper, and leave room for the more valuable communications of my colleagues.

The first of these is the fact that the  
 government has been unable to  
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## ESSAY III.

### ON THE TIC DOULOUREUX.

THE Tic Douloureux, in its severest form, is one of the most painful and intractable diseases to which the physician is called to administer.

By its severest form, I mean that which involves the several branches of the fifth pair of nerves, expanded over the face and the fauces, attacking with electric plunges, as it were, and in a manner so peculiar, that no other pain is expressed like it. It is distinguished by its intensity from the milder species of disease to which nerves in other parts of the body are sometimes liable.

The latter generally depends upon some derangement of the digestive organs, and usually gives way to a mode of treatment calculated to bring on a better action of the several abdominal viscera, and to restore the nervous system to its healthy tone. The former does not yield to any particular treatment with which we are acquainted at present, though it may be mitigated, and the frame may be held up harmless under its pressure for a great length of time, by paying attention to the general health.

That the seat of pain is not the seat of disease always, is made manifest by the failure of attempts to cut off the communication of the suffering nerves with the brain. It may be a sympathetic disease, therefore; but to what disorder in the system the association belongs, pathologists do not yet seem to agree.

May I venture to throw out an opinion, founded on the observations with which my experience has furnished me, that the disease is connected with some preternatural growth of bone, or a deposition of bone in a part of the animal economy where it is not usually found, in a sound and healthy condition of it, or with a diseased bone?

The following cases have occurred to me, and seem to give a degree of probability to this surmise; and I throw it out for the consideration of the profession, in order that a number of facts may be collected from which a safe inference at length can be drawn.

A lady, forty years of age, suffered under the violent form of tic douloureux, at Brighton, notwithstanding the careful attention and skill of a very judicious physician there. On returning to town it was observed that

the rending spasms, by which the disease is marked, were frequently preceded by an uneasiness in one particular tooth, which exhibited, however, no signs of unsoundness; but the constancy of this symptom was enough to justify the extraction of the tooth in this instance, (though the failure of this expedient to afford relief in general does not encourage recourse to the operation,) and, on its being drawn, a large exostosis was observed at the root of the tooth; and the lady never suffered more than very slight attacks, and those very seldom, afterwards.

The Duke of G. was attended by Dr. Baillie and myself for six weeks, under this disease, in its most marked and painful form, without deriving benefit from our prescriptions. At length we thought it best to advise him to repair to the sea-coast, in



hopes of renovating his shattered system by taking bark there. After he had sojourned a month by the sea-side, a portion of bone exfoliated from the antrum Highmorianum, and the Duke recovered immediately, and has never suffered the disease since. The bone had been hurt probably by a fall from his horse which the Duke had met with some months before.

The late Earl of C. underwent martyrdom by this disease, and excited the warmest sympathy of his friends by the agonies he sustained for many years. He submitted to the operation for the division of several branches of the fifth pair of nerves repeatedly, by Sir Everard Home and by Mr. Charles Bell, without obtaining more than mere temporary relief. At length he was seized by apoplexy, and lay insensible for some days, and in great peril from the at-

tack, but finally recovered. After the apoplexy, the paroxysms of the tic douloureux became less frequent and less severe, and were administered to satisfactorily by an ingenious physician, who wrote his inaugural exercise on the disease. For the last year or two of his life his lordship had ceased to suffer from the tic, and died at an advanced age without any marked malady. His head was not examined after death, and therefore we are left to conjecture only what might have been the immediate cause of his former sufferings. Whilst I attended him he underwent repeated exfoliations of the alveolar processes of the teeth, which I thought occasioned his torment; and to account for the cessation of the complaint, I supposed that these efforts to throw off diseased portions of bone might have ceased, or that the apoplexy had disqualified the nerves for suf-

fering so exquisitely ; but there might have been besides, as some later instances have made probable, disease in the bones of the head.

The late Dr. P. fell a sacrifice to this dreadful disease, after sustaining his tortures for some years, with a constancy which attracted all our pity and esteem, and died at last under apoplexy.

No assistance, which the experience of any of us could afford him, gave him relief, or controlled the violence of the attacks. On examining his head after death, there was found an unusual thickness of the os frontis, where it had been sawn through above the frontal sinuses, and at its juncture with the parietal bones. There was discovered also in the falciform process of the dura mater, at a little distance from the

crista galli, a small osseous substance, about three-eighths of an inch in length, rather less in breadth, and about a line in thickness. The vessels of the pia mater were turgid with blood, and about an ounce of fluid occupied the ventricles. I lamented that the frontal sinuses had not been examined, for I remember he replied to a question which I once put to him, as to his ever having experienced any suppuration within any bony cavity, that he had twice suffered suppuration in the frontal sinuses.

Dr. P. had submitted with great patience to a division of several branches of the fifth pair of nerves, under the judicious operation of Sir Astley Cooper, who, on my mentioning to him the notion I entertained of the cause of tic douloureux, was so obliging as to shew me the skull of a person who had

died of this disease in the country. The internal surface of the frontal bone is a perfect rockwork.

All the cases which I have described have fallen under my own immediate observation. I will now add another, with which I have been favoured by a Fellow of the College, a physician of high character and eminence in one of the most populous towns in this island. It serves remarkably well to confirm the opinions I have thrown out in this paper. The unhappy sufferer was a lady advanced in life: at the age of sixty-five she was attacked with exquisite pain in the branches of the fifth pair of nerves, on the right cheek, nose, and temple, the tortures of which, and the dreadful "clawings and scratchings," to use her own words, were said to surpass all that was ever witnessed, and to set at nought all powers of descrip-

tion. For nearly ten years the paroxysms continued to recur with more or less intermission. The operation of dividing the supra-orbital branch of the nerve was succeeded by an alleviation of pain during the following five months. Various plans of treatment were adopted, and it would be difficult to name any remedy which the patient did not try. Those which satisfied her most were carbonate of iron and valerian; of the former of which she took, in the course of her illness, twenty-seven pounds, and even more than that of the valerian. Opiates gave relief at night, but failed in the largest doses in the day-time. Her intellect was not impaired, nor was there any derangement of her general health, until after a time a most distressing dyspnœa occurred, with other symptoms of visceral disorder. She was free from pain during

the last six months of her life, which was terminated at length by apoplexy. The head was opened after death, and an enormous thickening was observed of the frontal, ethmoidal, and sphenoidal bones, in one part to the extent of half an inch; and the anterior lobes of the brain were curiously moulded and indented by the thickened bone. There was thickening also of the whole of the cranium, but not to so great a degree anywhere as in the parts which have just been named.

Thus we have a demonstration of a bony deposit proving a cause of pressure on the brain and nerves, and from its situation this must have acted especially on the branches of the fifth pair. We see a reason also why the division of the nerve has often proved of little or no avail; for where, as in this case, the cause of pressure is nearer to the

brain than the place of operation, it can be productive only of imperfect relief. It may indeed be somewhat more effectual when the source of irritation is an external one, as, for example, the exfoliation of an alveolar process ; but even then the divided ends of the nerve may soon be reunited. It appeared that the symptoms continued uniform whilst they were confined to the branches of the fifth pair ; but is it not probable that the subsequent dyspnœa and visceral derangement might have been occasioned by the pressure being extended to the par vagum, when the ossific process had occupied the posterior portions of the cranium also ? Apoplexy was finally produced by the further increase of pressure, and such seems to be the common termination of this dreadful disease, brought on either by direct compression of the brain, or, possibly, by the



long-continued influence of irritation ; and partly, perhaps, by the effect of the opium which the tortures had rendered, for so long a time, indispensable.

In the foregoing case the osseous enlargement injured directly, and at once, the affected nerves. But there are other cases in which no such immediate cause of irritation can be discovered ; but the same nervous branches are affected by sympathy, as it should seem, with some distant suffering part. It is well known that various parts may sympathize with each other, even when no direct connexion can be traced between them, but the communication must be made, as it were, through the intervention of the brain.

Many instances of sympathy are familiar to the profession, and a good account of the sympathetic diseases would be valuable, by

enlarging our knowledge of nervous affections, with which we are acquainted at present imperfectly only, and in detail. The association of locked jaw with wounds in the tendons of the extremities ; of *chorea Sancti Viti* with disordered secretions of the abdominal viscera ; of epilepsy with worms in the intestines, and as the precursor of some eruptive diseases about to appear on the skin,—is familiar to us. To these common and well-known ones the experience of every physician will add others furnished by idiosyncrasies in certain of his patients. I have known a dose of rhubarb followed, three several times, by an epileptic fit, in a boy eleven years of age ; and I have seen the same medicine produce severe strangury in a lady, which she assured me was the constant effect of that remedy, not in her own case only, but in the instances of

several of her family. The smallest dose of ipecacuanha will annoy some people exceedingly ; nay, the smell of it has been known to produce an asthmatic stricture on the chest. So that a prudent physician, in his first intercourse with a family, will always inquire of his patient whether he know, from experience, any objection to the use of the medicine about to be ordered.

An issue has been the cause of much disturbance in the system by its irritation. The late Dr. Darwin relates that he was called to a distant part of the country in which he resided, to visit the daughter of a nobleman subject to epileptic fits. Having arrived late in the evening, he contented himself with examining his patient carefully before he went to bed, intending to write his prescription in the morning. As he found himself not inclined to sleep, he arose and

made his way to his patient's chamber again, to inquire whether she had ever had an issue; the reply was in the affirmative, and an issue in the arm was exhibited to him; upon which, without one word of remark, he filliped the pea from its place, and the young lady never experienced an epileptic attack afterwards.

## ESSAY IV.

### POPULAR AND CLASSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF INSANITY.

. . . . . ‘ Ecstasy !

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness  
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,  
And I *the matter will re-word, which madness*  
*Would gambol from.*’—HAMLET, Act iii. Scene 4.

THE following case, which occurred to me in practice, in the month of January, 1829, may serve to prove the correctness of Shakespeare's test of madness, as above given.

A gentleman of considerable fortune in Oxfordshire, about thirty-five years of age,

sent for his solicitor to make his will. He was in habits of strict friendship with him, and stated that he wished to add five hundred pounds a year to his mother's jointure, if she got well, she being then (to the knowledge of the solicitor and himself only) confined as a lunatic ; to make a provision for two natural children ; to leave a few trifling legacies ; and then, if he died childless, *to make him, the solicitor, his heir*. His friend expressed his gratitude, but added that he could not accept such a mark of his good opinion, until he was convinced that it was his deliberate judgment so to dispose of his property, and that decision communicated to him six months afterwards.

In about six weeks' time the gentleman became deranged, and continued in such a state of excitement for a whole month, (during which he was visited constantly by Sir

George Tuthill and myself,) as to require coercion every day. At the expiration of that time he was composed and comfortable. But his languor and weakness bore a proportion to his late excitement, and it was very doubtful whether he would live. On entering his room one day, to my question how he found himself, he answered,—‘ Very ill, Sir ; about to die ; and only anxious to make my will first.’ This could hardly be listened to under his circumstances, and he was persuaded to forego that wish for the present. The next day he made the same answer to the same question, but in such a tone and manner, as to extort from common humanity, even at the probable expense of future litigation, an acquiescence in his wish to disburthen his mind. The solicitor was sent for, and, having been with him the preceding evening, met us, at our consultation

in the morning, with a will prepared according to the instructions he had received *before the attack of disease, as well as to those given the last night*. He proposed to read this to the gentleman in our presence, and that we should witness the signature of it, if we were satisfied that it expressed clearly his intentions. It was read, and he answered, 'yes,' — 'yes,' — 'yes,' distinctly to every item, as it was deliberately proposed to him. On going down stairs with Sir George Tuthill and the solicitor, to consider what was to be done, I expressed some regret that we, the physicians, had been involved in an affair which could hardly be expected to terminate without an inquiry in a court of law, in which we must necessarily be called upon to justify ourselves for permitting this good gentleman, under such questionable circumstances, to make a will. It occurred



to me then, to propose to my colleague to go up again into the sick room, to see whether our patient could *re-word* the matter, as a test, on Shakspeare's authority, of his soundness of mind. He repeated the clauses which contained the addition to his mother's jointure, and which made provision for the natural children, with sufficient correctness ; but he stated that he had left a namesake, though not a relation, ten thousand pounds, whereas he had left him five thousand pounds only ; and there he paused. After which I thought it proper to ask him, to whom he had left his real property, when these legacies should have been discharged,—in whom did he intend that his estate should be vested after his death, if he died without children ? ‘ In the heir at law, to be sure,’ was the reply. Who is your heir at law ? ‘ I do not know.’

Thus he 'gambolled' from the matter, and laboured, according to this test, under his madness still.

He died, intestate, of course, four days afterwards ; and I owe it to the solicitor, the friend, to testify that his conduct throughout was strictly honourable. And I have a pleasure in adding, that the heir at law has generously made good the bequest to the mother, and the provision for the natural children, to the extent of more than thirty thousand pounds.

It is always a subject for regret, when a physician becomes a party to the doubts and difficulties of a civil action ; and a prudent man will, if possible, avoid committing himself upon questions, the natural uncertainty of which is likely to be further perplexed by legal ingenuity and contending interests. Still there are cases of this kind in which

the medical practitioner cannot, without a dereliction of duty, refuse to deliver his opinion, and in which the parties concerned have a right to the benefit of his judgment and experience with respect to the question of the patient's sanity of mind, as well as to that of his bodily health. In cases of such a nature there may be some value in a test like that proposed by the poet; by him, of whom it has been justly observed by Dr. Johnson, that he is, 'above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature, the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life.'

Human nature, in fact, has been and is always the same; and the descriptions of it, which we meet with in the *ancient* poets, are at this day as true as when they were originally drawn. It has twice occurred to

me to find the portraits which Horace has given of madness exemplified to the life.

One case, that of the gentleman of Argos, whose delusion led him to suppose that he was attending the representation of a play, as he sat in his bedchamber, is so exact, that I saw a person of exalted rank under those very circumstances of delusion, and heard him call upon Mr. Garrick to exert himself in the performance of Hamlet. The passage of Horace to which I allude is in the second epistle of the second book, and is the more curious as it specifies distinctly that it was upon this one point only that the gentleman was mad. I will give you the passage :

. . . . . ' Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,  
Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,  
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro ;

Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto  
More ; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,  
Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere servis  
Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ :  
Posset qui rupem et puteum vitare patentem.'

*Epist. lib. ii. 2. 128.*

In another well-known case, which justified the Lord Chancellor's issuing a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, the insanity of the gentleman manifested itself in his appropriating every thing to himself, and parting with nothing. When strongly urged to put on a clean shirt, he would do it, but it must be over the dirty one ; nor would he put off his shoes when he went to bed. He would agree to purchase any thing that was to be sold, but he would not pay for it. He was, in fact, brought up from the King's Bench prison, where he had been committed for not paying for a picture valued at fifteen hundred pounds, which he had agreed to

buy ; and in giving my opinion to the jury, I recommended it to them to go over to his house, in Portland-place, where they would find fifteen thousand pounds' worth of property of every description ; this picture, musical instruments, clocks, baby-houses, and baubles, all huddled in confusion together, on the floor of his dining-room. To such a case what could apply more closely than the passage—

‘ Si quis emat citharas, emptas comportet in unum,  
Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli ;  
Si scalpra et formas, non sutor ; nautica vela,  
Aversus mercaturis : delirus et amens  
Undique dicatur merito.’

HOR. *Sat.* lib. ii. 3. 104.

I need not add that the jury found the gentleman insane.

Thus have some of the descriptions of the poets, held to be imaginary, been realized

in life. And it is possible, that if the physician were to collect and apply the brief notices of various disorders, which have been thrown out by the great poets of antiquity, he might not only illustrate the truth of the descriptions drawn by those accurate observers of nature, but derive from them some useful hints to assist him in his own observation of disease.





## ESSAY V.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF SOME OF THE DISEASES OF THE BODY ON THE MIND.

GENTLEMEN,

ONE of the most elegant exercises of modern times is that of Sir George Baker, on the influence of some of the passions of the mind on the body, and on the diseases to which they give rise.

I wish some of you would draw the counterpart of this picture, and describe the effect of diseases of the body on the mind. That their influence is various and extensive—that they depress and elevate the faculties—give temporary power and per-

manent weakness—nay, that they often push reason from her seat, and enthrone madness there—is evident to our observation daily. That their effect, moreover, is different, according to the different seats of the disorder, is equally remarkable; so that an experienced physician is at no loss to conjecture what organ is aggrieved, if the patient describe his sensations accurately, even before he makes use of those appliances to which we usually have recourse, to enable us to form a correct judgment of the whole of a case submitted to us.

For what can be more in contrast with each other, in their influence upon the mental powers, than an indigestion and a slight inflammation of the brain? A disorder in the digestive organs lays a weight upon the mind.

‘Corpus onustum

Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat unà,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.’

HORACE.

It renders a man irresolute, infirm of purpose, and both indisposed and unequal to enterprise of any kind. Whilst a slight inflammation of the brain gives a sharpness\* to his faculties, inspires spirit, quickens ambition, and leads him to believe, like Hotspur, that he can

‘Pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon!’

I will not attempt, in a paper of this kind, to do more than point out the influence on the mind of some of the more marked and simple chronic diseases, leaving it to yourselves to fill up the outline by your own observations and experience.

\* ‘Multa enim e corpore existunt, quæ acuant mentem, multa quæ obtundant.’—Cic. Tusc. Lib. i. 33.

Of APOPLEXY I shall say but little, because, before the blow be struck, the patient may have been merely torpid and indifferent to scenes of whatever interest in which he has lived; and, when the stroke has befallen him, you know that '*Si fractus illabatur orbis,*' he remains insensible to all that is passing; however violent the shock may be, 'nothing touches him.'

But the sequel of apoplexy is PALSY; and when that has supervened, and the frame has been dismembered, then, indeed, happy is the patient whose mind shall have been disciplined when in health, and whose moral habits shall have been well regulated by reason and by good principles before he was taken ill; for, otherwise, as all the passions are let loose by the malady, (as is the case in many instances, at least, in this disease,) whilst the controlling power

is enfeebled, an irritability succeeds which makes life intolerable to the sick man himself, and to all around him. The tenderest offices, administered with the most prudent attention and care, fail to conciliate; and he indulges his anger, and dissolves into tears alternately, alike without reason, until at length another apoplectic blow deprives him of life.

By this distemper the great talents of Marlborough were confounded in the latter years of his life, and his powerful mind impaired. By this also was extinguished the spirit of the celebrated Dean Swift:—

‘ From Marlbro’s eyes the tears of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.’

DR. JOHNSON.

EPILEPSY has this peculiarity about it, that the patient who is so afflicted, though an object of terror and of pity to those who

witness his struggles under a fit, yet, by the mercy of Heaven, he himself is unconscious of the frightful attack. He sleeps after his frame has been convulsed from head to foot, and awakens unaware of all that has passed—‘himself again.’ Repeated fits, however, at length weaken the faculties; his memory suffers decay, his judgment becomes unsound, derangement follows, and this alienation of mind degenerates at last into idiocy. I do not say that this is the course of all epilepsies. Many attacks of epilepsy are symptomatic only of some irritation in the alimentary canal, or of some eruptive disease about to declare itself, or of other occasional passing ills. So far Julius Cæsar was epileptic; and so far it has been said was Mahomet also. Of the former, Suetonius records that he was ‘*valetudine prospera; nisi quod tempore extremo re-*

*pentè animo linqui, atque etiam per somnum exterreri solebat*—a familiar sign of an oppressed stomach. ‘*Comitali quoque morbo bis inter res agendas correptus est,*’ probably from the same cause. But these attacks were of no consequence in deteriorating his masculine mind. No; the dreadful consequences which I have detailed, as affecting the faculties, belong to epilepsy as a primary disease, connected with and originating in some organic mischief within the cranium.

In the PULMONARY HECTIC or consumption, particularly in the stage of inflammation, (and where tubercles in the lungs are the occasion of the hectic fever, the successive suppurations are preceded by inflammation,) how frequently have we seen the delicate female frame lighted up, and every thing assume a bright and cheerful

aspect about her ! New schemes of happiness have been contemplated, new dresses prepared, and every thing was brilliant in her prospect ; whilst her parents lived under the greatest apprehension and solicitude, the physician foreseeing nothing but inevitable fate for the poor victim whose distemper has deluded her.

Let us contrast the effects of the hectic upon the young female mind with those of that disordered state which sometimes occurs to females after the cessation of the sexual peculiarity.

The subject of such an indisposition has probably grown more corpulent ; she sits in an indolent posture, looks gloomy, hardly speaks at all, and we learn from her attendants that she lives under a constant apprehension that some fancied evil is about to befall her. She is suspicious, unde-



cided in all her movements, and manifests symptoms which *differ in degree only* from melancholy mania.

The pathologist will look, perhaps, to the different state of the circulation of the blood in these two females for the difference of their animal spirits; and will conjecture that the blood was more oxygenated in the younger one, by a more rapid circulation through the lungs, whereby the brain was unusually stimulated; whereas, in the elder person, there was a stagnation in the liver, giving rise to hypochondriasm, in consequence of the more gorged, plethoric state of the ventral and hæmorrhoidal veins determined to that organ, since the sexual evacuation had ceased.

In those distressing cases in which the heart and its principal vessels are the seat

of organic disease \*, the effect of the impediment thus occasioned to the circulation is usually felt in paroxysms of tremendous suffering. During their prevalence, the patient is agonized by a sense of instant suffocation. He sits, (for he cannot lie down,) expecting dissolution every moment, and may be said to die many times before his death. Yet, in the intervals between the attacks, his mind is often cheerful, and his spirits buoyant. He is conscious of the comparative freedom with which the vital functions now proceed, feels himself still full of life, and indulges sanguine hopes of recovery. Hence, the subjects of such painful disorders are commonly less dejected than those who suffer only from a derangement of the stomach.

\* Ossification of the valves, or deposits of bone in the aorta or coronary arteries.

Whether it be that Providence has specially allotted a certain alacrity of spirit and cheer of mind to the victims of this disease of the main-spring of life, as an alleviation of their sufferings, or whether this may be referred to the general principle which Dr. Paley has stated with respect to pain, ‘that its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures; that it has the power of shedding a satisfaction over the intervals of ease which few enjoyments exceed.’ This amiable philosopher adds, that ‘the spirits of sick men do not sink in proportion to the acuteness of their sufferings, but rather appear to be roused and supported, not by pain, but by the high degree of comfort which they derive from its cessation, or even its subsidency, whenever that occurs, and which they taste with a relish that diffuses some portion of mental complacency over the

whole of that mixed state of sensations in which disease has placed them.'

That pain alone does not affect the faculties, is manifested in that most excruciating of all disorders, *tic douloureux*. Nay, where pain is conjoined with other symptoms, calculated to subdue the stoutest heart, as in the progress of a fatal iliac-passion, it does no violence to the senses. In this dreadful disease, in which hiccup, unquenchable thirst, incessant vomiting, unspeakable inquietude, prevail for six or seven successive days and nights before the scene of misery be closed, yet does the patient maintain his mental powers; and, spite of the constant disappointment of his expectations of being relieved by the operation of his medicine, does he exercise his judgment and keep up his hopes.

From such sufferings as these, death may

well be considered a happy release. Indeed, before the glad tidings of pardon and peace in a future life, on certain conditions, had been proclaimed to the world by our Redeemer, so much intense suffering—nay, much less than that which is endured by a patient under a fatal ileus, was considered by the most enlightened Romans as a sufficient reason for ridding themselves abruptly of life. The first book of Pliny's Letters furnishes us with two instances of friends of his, one of whom *had* recourse to this apparently common practice; and the other intended to resort to it, if the physician should pronounce his malady a mortal one. Their creed admitted an independent exercise of their free will and pleasure in the disposal of their lives:—

‘Ipse Deus, simul atque volam, me solvet—

————— Moriar. *Mors* ultima linea rerum est.’

HORACE, *Epist.* 16. lib. i.

But the Christian has a higher motive for submitting himself to the will of Heaven, and for taking his sufferings patiently. He believes that the present life is a life of probation only, and that what he now endures may be a necessary trial of his faith and obedience; and that, by a merciful dispensation, the great Creator may make use of pain as an instrument by which He would detach him from this beautiful world, in which Infinite Goodness had set him down only for a temporary sojournment, intending him for another and a better existence hereafter.

Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to 'the undiscovered country from whose bourn no

traveller returns.' Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die, from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but even cheerful, in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a wish that 'my last end might be like theirs.'

Some, indeed, have clung to life anxiously—painfully; but they were not influenced so much by a love of life for its own sake, as by the distressing prospect of leaving children, dependent upon them, to the mercy of the world, deprived of their



parental care; in the pathetic language of Andromache—

Νῦν δ' ἂν πολλὰ πάθῃσι, φίλου ἀπὸ Πατρὸς ἁμαρτῶν.

These, indeed, have sometimes wrung my heart.

And here you will forgive me, perhaps, if I presume to state what appears to me to be the conduct proper to be observed by a physician in withholding, or making his patient acquainted with, his opinion of the probable issue of a malady manifesting mortal symptoms. I own I think it my first duty to protract his life by all practicable means, and to interpose myself between him and every thing which may possibly aggravate his danger\*. And unless

\* See Cicero 'De Divinatione,' 11, 25.

At hoc ne homines probi faciunt, ut amicis impendentes calamitates prædicant, quas illi effugere nullo modo possint: et medici, quanquam intelligunt sæpe, tamen nunquam ægris



I shall have found him averse from doing what was necessary in aid of my remedies, from a want of a proper sense of his perilous situation, I forbear to step out of the bounds of my province in order to offer any advice which is not necessary to promote his cure. At the same time, I think it indispensable to let his friends know the danger of his case the instant I discover it. An arrangement of his worldly affairs, in which the comfort or unhappiness of those who are to come after him is involved, may be necessary; and a suggestion of his danger, by which the accomplishment of this object is to be obtained, naturally induces a contemplation of his more important spiritual concerns, a

*dicunt illo morbo eos esse morituros. Omnis enim prædictio mali tum probatur cum ad prædictionem cautio adjungitur.*

careful review of his past life, and such sincere sorrow and contrition for what he has done amiss, as justifies our humble hope of his pardon and acceptance hereafter. If friends can do their good offices at a proper time, and under the suggestions of the physician, it is far better that they should undertake them than the medical adviser. They do so without destroying his hopes, for the patient will still believe that he has an appeal to his physician beyond their fears; whereas, if the physician lay open his danger to him, however delicately he may do this, he runs a risk of appearing to pronounce a sentence of condemnation to death, against which there is no appeal—*no hope*; and, *on that account*, what is most awful to think of, perhaps the sick man's repentance may be less available.

But friends may be absent, and nobody near the patient in his extremity, of sufficient influence or pretension to inform him of his dangerous condition. And surely it is lamentable to think that any human being should leave the world unprepared to meet his Creator and Judge, 'with all his crimes broad blown!' Rather than so, I have departed from my strict professional duty, and have done that which I would have done by myself, and have apprized my patient of the great change he was about to undergo.

In short, no rule, not to be infringed sometimes, can be laid down on this subject. Every case requires its own considerations; but you may be assured, that if good sense and good feeling be not wanting, no difficulty can occur which you will not be able to surmount with satisfac-

tion to your patient, his friends, and yourselves.

Advice on some of these points, at least, corresponding with that which I have presumed to offer you, is to be found in the beautiful chapter of Hippocrates\*, ‘περι ευσχημοσυνης,’ *de decenti ornatu*; and I assure you it will amply repay you for the trouble of referring to it by the gravity and striking propriety of deportment which it recommends.

But if, in cases attended with danger in private life, the physician has need of discretion and sound sense to direct his conduct, the difficulty must doubtless be increased when his patient is of so *elevated a station that his safety becomes an object of anxiety to the nation*. In such circumstances, the physician has a duty to perform, not only to the

\* Vol. i. p. 5. Ed. Vander Linden.

sick personage and his family, but also to the public, who, in their extreme solicitude for his recovery, sometimes desire disclosures which are incompatible with it. Bulletins respecting the health of a sovereign differ widely from the announcements which a physician is called upon to make in humbler life, and which he entrusts to the prudence of surrounding friends. These public documents may become known to the royal sufferer himself. Is the physician, then, whilst endeavouring to relieve the anxiety or satisfy the curiosity of the nation, to endanger the safety of the patient; or, at least, his comfort? Surely not. But whilst it is his object to state as accurately as possible the present circumstances and the comparative condition of the disease, he will consider that conjectures respecting its cause and probable issue are not to be hazarded

without extreme caution. He will not write one word which is calculated to mislead ; but neither ought he to be called upon to express so much as, if reported to the patient, would destroy all hope and hasten that catastrophe which it is his duty and their first wish to prevent.

Meanwhile, the family of the monarch and the government have a claim to fuller information than can, with propriety or even common humanity, be imparted to the public at large. In the case of his Majesty, King George the Fourth, the King's Government and the Royal Family were apprized, as early as the 27th of April\*, (I hold in my hand the original letters which gave the information to the Prime Minister,) that his Majesty's disease was seated in his heart, and that an effusion of water into the chest was

\* His Majesty died on the 25th of June.

soon to be expected. It was not, however, until the latter end of May—when his Majesty was so discouraged by repeated attacks of embarrassment in his breathing, as to desire me to explain to him the nature of his complaint, and to give him my candid opinion of its probable termination—that the opportunity occurred of acknowledging to his Majesty the extent of my fears for his safety.

This communication was not necessary to suggest to the King the propriety of religious offices, for his Majesty had used them daily. But it determined him, perhaps, to appoint an early day to receive the Sacrament. He did receive it with every appearance of the most fervent piety and devotion, and acknowledged to me repeatedly afterwards, that it had given him great consolation—true comfort.

After this, when 'he had set his house in order,' I thought myself at liberty to interpret every new symptom as it arose in as favourable a light as I could, for his Majesty's satisfaction; and we were enabled thereby to rally his spirits in the intervals of his frightful attacks, to maintain his confidence in his medical resources, and to spare him the pain of contemplating approaching death, until a few minutes before his Majesty expired.

Lord Bacon \*, one of the wisest men who has lived, encourages physicians to make it a part of their art to smooth the bed of death, and to render the departure from life easy, placid, and gentle.

This doctrine, so accordant with the best principles of our nature, commended not only by the wisdom of this consummate

\* See chap. ii. lib. 4, 'De Augmentis Scientiarum.'



philosopher, but also by the experience of one of the most judicious and conscientious physicians of modern times, the late Dr. Heberden, was practised with such happy success in the case of our late lamented sovereign, that at the close of his painful disease ‘non tam mori videretur (as was said of a Roman Emperor) quam dulci et alto sopore excipi.’



## ESSAY VI.

ON THE ΚΑΥΣΟΣ OF ARETÆUS.

(THE BRAIN FEVER.)

I HAVE always considered the description of the *Καῦσος*, or burning fever of Hippocrates, known by us under the name of the brain fever, given by Aretæus, one of the most interesting medical details which have come down to us from antiquity. The beauty of the language, (Ionic Greek,) but little inferior to that of the Father of History, is striking, and the truth of the picture to nature most correct, as I have had occasion to verify it in several instances in the course of my experience.

I do not ask your particular attention to the account of the disease in its first stage ; for the symptoms described are such as present themselves in the early stages of most fevers, accompanied with inflammation of some important organ ; but I would point out to your especial notice those expressions which describe the delirium under which the patient labours in a more advanced progress of the malady, and the termination of that delirium in a syncope, followed by cold sweats and a loosening of all the bonds by which being is held together in the human frame.

The author states that the first effect of the subsidence of the violent excitement is, that the patient's mind becomes clear, that all his sensations are now exquisitely keen ; that he is the first person to discover that he is about to die, and announces this to

his attendants; that he seems to hold converse with the spirits of those who have departed before him, as if they stood in his presence; and that his soul acquires a prophetic power.

The author, with all the appearance of being himself convinced that this power has really been acquired by the patient in the last hours of his life, remarks that the bystanders fancy him to be rambling and talking nonsense, but that they are afterwards astounded at the coming to pass of the events which had been predicted, τῇ ἀποβάσει δὲ τῶν εἰρημένων θαυμάζουσι ἄνθρωποι. Indeed he attempts to account for it by supposing that the soul, whilst ‘shuffling off this mortal coil,’ whilst disengaging itself from the incumbrances of the body, becomes purer, more essential, entirely spi-

ritual, as if it had already commenced its new existence.

I will not stop here to comment upon this alleged peculiarity which patients under the brain fever are said by Aretæus to manifest, though I shall recur to it hereafter; but I will lay before you a case of this disease, the symptoms and progress of which, as they passed under my own immediate observation, justify me in bearing testimony to the general truth of that author's description of the malady.

A young gentleman, twenty-four years of age, who had been using mercury very largely, caught cold, and became seriously ill with fever. His head appeared to be affected on the fifth day, and on the seventh, when I was first called into consultation with another physician who had

attended him with great care and judgment from the commencement of his illness, we found him in the highest possible state of excitement. He was stark naked, standing upright in bed, his eyes flashing fire, exquisitely alive to every movement about him, and so irascible as not to be approached without increasing his irritation to a degree of fury. He was put under coercion, and amongst other expedients, emetic tartar was ordered to be administered to him, in doses of a grain each time, at proper intervals.

On the eleventh day of his disease I was informed by my colleague, when we met, and by the attendants, that he was become quite calm, and seemed much better. It was remarked, indeed, that he had said, repeatedly, that he *should die*; that under this conviction he had talked with great

composure of his affairs ; that he had mentioned several debts which he had contracted, and made provision for their payment ; that he had dictated messages to his mother, who was abroad, expressive of his affection, and had talked much of a sister who had died the year before, and whom, he said, he knew he was about to follow immediately. To my questions, whether he had slept previously to this state of quietude, and whether his pulse had come down, it was answered—No ; he had not slept, and his pulse was quicker than ever. Then it was evident that this specious improvement was unreal, that the clearing up of his mind was a mortal sign, ‘a lightening before death,’ and that he would *die forthwith*. On entering his room, he did not notice us ; his eyes were fixed on vacancy, he was occupied entirely within



himself, and all that we could gather from his words was some indistinct mention of his sister. His hands were cold, and his pulse immeasurably quick,—he died that night.

The case of the gentleman who was subjected to Shakspeare's test of sanity, and desired to *re-word* his will, as I related to you last year, also exhibited some of the strongest features of the Καῦσος; for the recovery of his reason, so far as he did recover it, took place when, after a month passed under violent excitement, he was exhausted; when his system, in Aretæus's words, had thrown off many of its impurities, and the soul, left naked, was free to exercise such energies as it still possessed; when he became fully sensible of the approach of death; and when the act which he desired so earnestly to perform was a

prospective one, and in contemplation of his immediate departure, which took place, in fact, very soon after. But this was a chronic case. The alienation of mind had endured not days only, but weeks. It was an hereditary distemper, connected probably with some disorganization of the brain. It subsided when the bodily powers were spent, and 'life's fitful fever' could be sustained no longer. It was the difference between delirium and insanity, the longer or shorter duration of the malady, with the accompaniment or absence of fever, constituting the distinction.

This difference has been drawn so eloquently by the late Lord Erskine, in his speech in defence of James Hatfield, who was indicted capitally for shooting at the King, that I must take the liberty of transcribing two or three of his sentences. He

remarked, that ‘in some cases, perhaps in several, the human mind is stormed in its citadel, and laid prostrate under the stroke of phrensy. These unhappy sufferers, however, are not considered by physicians as maniacs, but to be in a state of delirium from fever. There, indeed, all the ideas are overwhelmed, for reason is not only disturbed, but wholly driven from her seat. In others, reason is not driven from her seat, but distraction sits down upon it along with her, holds her trembling upon it, and frightens her from her propriety.’

But to return to Aretæus, and to devote a few moments to the consideration of that prophetic power which the author attributes to patients under the brain fever in the last hours of their lives.

The expressions γνώμη μαντική, προλέγουσι τὰ αὐθις ἐσόμενα, and further γυμνῇ τῇ ψυχῇ

γίγνονται μάντιες ἀτρεκέες, are certainly very strong; and if they must be interpreted not figuratively, but literally, I should conjecture that the author had associated in his mind (what the neighbourhood of the Temple of Delphi, and the poor unenlightened religion of his time might have suggested) these symptoms of the brain fever, with the practices of the Pythian Priestess at the oracle, who did not pronounce her prophetic dicta until after she had exhibited the contortions and frantic demeanour of a maniac, as if a previous turmoil of the brain was requisite to render her capable of vaticination.

To me, I own, it does not seem necessary to ascribe to persons under such circumstances a supernatural power. We have all observed the mind clear up in an extraordinary manner in the last hours of life, when

terminated even in the ordinary course of nature; but certainly still more remarkably when it has been cut short by disease, which had affected, for a time, the intellectual faculties. We have seen it become capable of exercising a subtle judgment, when the passions which had been accustomed to bias and embarrass its decisions whilst they existed, were extinguished at the approach of death; when the inferences which wisdom had drawn from experience of the former behaviour of men were now made available to a correct estimate of their future conduct, in the sense of Milton's lines :-

‘ When old experience does attain  
To something like prophetic strain.’

An illustration of this argument may be read in the beautiful valedictory address of the elder Cyrus to his two sons and his friends assembled round his death-bed to

receive his last instructions. The speech, full of good sense, of truth, and of practical wisdom, is not less worthy of the favourite disciple of Socrates, who records it, than of the Great King, who having been predicted by name, some centuries before he existed, as the instrument hereafter to accomplish the will of Providence, imparted these results of his experience at the close of his illustrious life.

The speech begins, Παῖδες ἐμοὶ καὶ πάντες οἱ παρόντες φίλοι! ἐμοὶ μὲν τοῦ βίου τὸ τέλος ἤδη πάρεστιν, &c.\*

Nevertheless, that a prophetic power did attend man's last hour generally, was a notion entertained of old, and has been transmitted down to us from the earliest records of mankind. We read in the Pentateuch, that 'when Jacob had made an end

\* See XENOPHON'S *Κυρουπαιδεία*.

of commanding his sons,' (or, in other words not less faithful to the original, nor to the version of the Septuagint, 'when Jacob had finished imparting his solemn injunctions to his sons,') 'he drew up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost.' Now with these solemn injunctions were mixed up much prophetic matter, many predictions of their future fate and fortunes: as for instance,—'the sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come, and to him shall the gathering of the people be.'

And though the account here given by Moses is, as I believe it to be, in the language of inspiration, and must not, therefore, be humiliated by being compared even with this sublime account of an important

disease, given by a physician for the information of his profession, and the good of mankind; yet we must allow it to be remarkable, that the Almighty should please to choose the dying hour of the Patriarch in which to inspire him with a foreknowledge of his gracious purpose, to send the Messiah into the world for the redemption of mankind: nor will it seem extravagant to suppose that this most interesting prediction, at the close of Jacob's life, might be the very foundation on which the popular notion (that dying persons were gifted with the power of prophecy, a notion which prevailed through so many successive ages afterwards) was built. The pride of human nature easily disposes it to appropriate to itself extraordinary power; and that which was peculiarly vouchsafed to the sanctity



of the Patriarch and Prophets of God may have been assumed to be the privilege of mankind universally in the hour of death.

That the fame of the Patriarch's prophecy and those of Isaiah, at a much later period, was not confined to the limits of the country in which they were first promulgated, we are very sure ; that they were extended in process of time, by the venerated authority of the Sibylline leaves, (which we have good reason to believe were a collection of prophecies,) over the whole extent of the Roman empire, is probable, and that their fulfilment was expected the more intensely as the time of their accomplishment drew near, we may assume, as a fair inference, from the Pollio of Virgil, who makes use of the very same beautiful imagery in depicting the advantages to follow the expected birth of his august Personage,—as Isaiah had em-

ployed to describe the happy consequences of the advent of the Messenger of mercy to mankind.

What wonder then if the philosophers, both Grecian and Roman, if the poets (who may be considered as historians of popular notions) concurred in transmitting down this accredited opinion! Cicero, a most accomplished philosopher as well as orator, himself an augur too, and therefore probably well acquainted with the contents of the Sibylline leaves, (for they were committed to the safe custody of the college of Augurs,) in his first book, ‘*De Divinatione*,’ gives a story of the prediction of the death of Alexander the Great, by an Indian about to die on the funeral pile. His words are, *Est profectò quiddam etiam in barbaris gentibus præsentiens atque divinans; siquidem ad mortem proficiscens Calanus*

Indus, cum adscenderet in rogam ardentem, O præclarum decessum, inquit, e vitâ! cum ut Herculi contigit, mortali corpore cremato, in lucem animus excesserit! Cumque Alexander eum rogaret si quid vellet ut diceret; Optime, inquit; *propediem te videbo*. Quod ita contigit; nam Babylone, paucis post diebus, Alexander est mortuus.'

As to the Poets, Homer transmits it, Sophocles adopts it, Virgil copies Homer, and our own Shakspeare records it in various passages.

In the sixteenth book of the Iliad, Patroclus prophesies the death of Hector. In the twenty-second, Hector, in his dying moments, prophesies the death of Achilles, by the hand of Paris, at the Scæan gate, in these words:

Φράσσο νῦν; μήτοι τί θεῶν μήνιμα γένωμαι  
 Ἕματι τῷ ὅτε κέν σε Πάρις, καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων  
 Ἑσθλὸν ἐόντ' ὀλέσωσιν, ἐνὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσιν.

Sophocles, in the *Œdipus Coloneus*, represents *Œdipus*, as he is walking to the spot where he is to die, foretelling to *Theseus* the prosperity of Athens, and of his family.

Ἐγὼ διδάξω, τέκνον Αἰγέως, ἃ σοι  
 Γήρως ἄλνπα τῇδε κείσεται πόλει.

I long to give the messenger's awful account of the extinction and disappearance of *Œdipus* immediately afterwards, which *Longinus* enumerates amongst his instances of the sublime, but I dare not trespass longer on your time.

Virgil follows Homer in describing *Orodes* in the tenth book of the *Æneid*, prophesying the death of *Mezentius*, by whom he had just been mortally wounded :

. . . . . ‘jacet altus Orodes.

Conclamant socii, lætum pæana secuti.

Ille autem expirans : Non me, quicumque es, inultò

Victor, nec longum lætabere : te quoque fata

Prospectant paria, atque eadem mox arva tenebunt.’

And Shakspeare adopts it in various places, as in Henry IV., where Hotspur, mortally wounded and about to die immediately, says, ‘Now could I prophesy—but that the icy hand of death,’ &c.

And again, in Richard II., where the dying John of Gaunt exclaims, ‘Methinks I am a prophet new inspired!’

But I have extended this speculative part of my paper to too great a length ; not that I dread the reproach of those amongst you who delight to mix the elegancies of literature with the severer studies of your profession ; nor do I fear the disapprobation of such as are intent only upon ac-

quiring a knowledge of physic. They will surely thank me for having laid before them so faithful, so beautiful an historian of disease as Aretæus.

## ESSAY VII.

### ON THE TREATMENT OF GOUT.

So much has been written on the subject which I lay before you this evening, that I feel as if some apology were necessary for taking up your time with remarks upon the Gout. But I rest assured, that you will receive in good part the result of my long experience in the treatment of that disease ; and that, if I state to you that there is no malady to which I am called upon to administer, that I prescribe for with so much confidence in the resources of our art, as for Gout, formerly the opprobrium medicorum, you will give me willingly a few moments of your attention.

I will not dwell upon the various seats of Gout in the human frame. For though the terms Arthritis and Podagra would seem to limit the malady to the feet and the joints, we have seen it in almost every part of the human system. There are those who believe that they have observed it in the eye. I have certainly seen it in the kidney, in the urethra and prostate gland, and in the tonsils. One of our esteemed colleagues has suffered it there; and I remember an eminent physician in the country so harassed by it, and so disappointed by finding no effect from the most approved remedies for the Angina Tonsillaris, that at length he plunged a lancet into it; if, peradventure, there might be some deep-seated suppuration there, to which he should give an exit. No matter followed; but in a few minutes the Gout attacked the ball



of his great toe. The Angina was soon forgotten, and the new disease ran its course with all its accustomed severity.

With regard to the remedies for Gout, my dependence is placed upon the Colchicum. Under the common circumstances of an attack of Gout in the extremities, I do not use it immediately, but wait a day or two, until the malady shall have fixed itself. I then direct the wine of the root, prepared according to the directions of the Pharmacopœia; and I do not hesitate to declare, that I have not known a single instance of any untoward effect from it. It often cures the disease without any manifest increase of any of the excretions. Sometimes it produces perspiration, and sometimes it acts as a diuretic—the two objects aimed at generally by a physician in the use of our common resources in the treatment of this

disease; but so far is it from being prone to purge the body violently, as the Eau Médicinale often did, that I find it necessary, in most cases, to combine a small portion of the Sulphate of Magnesia with the wine, in the draught in which I administer it. The formula which I have found most useful is a Saline draught with Camphor mixture, a drachm of Syrup of White Poppies, and from 35 to 45 minims, not more, of the wine of the Root of Colchicum, at bed-time; to be repeated in the morning with 25 drops only of the wine, and half a drachm of the Syrup of Poppies; and in this dose a drachm of the Sulphate of Magnesia. It is necessary to repeat these draughts for three or four successive nights and mornings, and to follow its use by a pill containing three grains of an acetous extract of the Colchicum, (made by evapo-

rating an infusion of the root in vinegar,) and one or two grains of the Pulv. Ipecac. Comp., and the same quantity of the Extractum Colocynthis Comp., and to terminate the whole by a mild purgative.

It has been objected to the Colchicum that it produces a temporary good effect only, and that the Gout is apt to recur when treated with this medicine after a shorter interval than usual. Be it so for argument's sake—yet surely the weight of three or four attacks of the disease, of three or four days' continuance each, not more, is hardly to be compared with the pressure of a six weeks' painful confinement in the spring, and one of equal duration at the latter end of the year, as was the case before the value of this remedy was known; the paroxysms, moreover, terminating often by distortion and

disfigurement of the joints by chalk stones; an evil which is now prevented almost universally by that control which the Colchicum puts upon the inflammatory stage of a fit of Gout. But my experience will not admit it to be true that the disease returns more quickly. On the contrary, when the liquid preparation has been followed by the acetous extract, I think I am fully justified in asserting that the disease is removed for as long an interval as usually intervened between the fits, when left, as it was left formerly, to patience and flannel.

I am not rash and inconsiderate enough to recommend this mode of treatment, to you as a specific system for managing the Gout in all its forms, and under all the circumstances of different constitutions, which may present themselves to you.

The formula will require to be varied occasionally, and it may be proper in many instances of an enervated state of the frame to reinvigorate it by a light preparation of the Peruvian Bark, after the Colchicum has done its duty—or, in other instances, to give two or three doses of the Pil. Hydrargyri at bed-time every night, in order to recall the bile into its proper channels, if the Colchicum or the Sedative with which it has been combined shall have produced ash-coloured evacuations by the bowels, denoting an obstruction of the bile.

Of all the preparations of this valuable medicine I prefer the infusion of the root in Sherry wine. A preparation has been made, and is in frequent use, in the manner of an infusion of the seeds in preference to the root, but this has appeared to

me to be apt to create an insupportable nausea; such an one as I have seen follow Wilson's Tincture for the Gout, and the Eau Médicinale. When such an effect has once followed, it is in vain that you request the patient to have recourse to it again. He will answer you, that he would rather endure his disease in all its severity than subject himself to the misery of such a remedy. This answer I have heard given to a proposal to administer the Digitalis, when it had once affected the stomach in this manner—even when it had in one patient evacuated water from the chest in three successive attacks of Hydrothorax; and in another, controlled a dangerous affection of the heart for several years. No—these patients both declared that they would rather die than swallow one dose of Digitalis more.

Before I dismiss the subject of Colchicum, I must add that the use of this vegetable in Gout is by no means *new*; for it is recommended by Alexander of Tralles, a city of Lydia, in the sixth century, as a remedy for this disease, not under the name of Colchicum, indeed, but of Hermodactyls. Now the Hermodactyls and the roots of Colchicum are the same, as you will observe by a comparison of the specimens on the table. Being anxious to obtain some Hermodactyls, I availed myself of the good offices of one of the king's messengers, and purchased those before you in the market at Constantinople. They appear to be the same vegetable root, as Sir G. Blane has stated on the authority of Sir Joseph Banks: though our estimable colleague, Dr. J. A. Wilson, is of opinion, that there is a dif-

ference between them. I have not yet infused them in wine, but intend to do so immediately, and to try their efficacy upon Gout in the same manner as I have prescribed the Colchicum.

But it is not enough to state what I have found the most easy and effectual method of treating a fit of the Gout, unless at the same time I lay before you the manner by which I attempt to prevent an attack.

As to medicine, I have had, incomparably, the most satisfaction in giving a few grains of Rhubarb and double the quantity of the Carbonate of Magnesia every day, either at bed-time or early in the morning; or, under evident weakness of the powers of digestion, half an ounce of the Compound Tincture of Rhubarb with fifteen grains of the Carbonate of Potash, in some light bitter infusion, daily, before the principal meal. The coarser



purgatives should be carefully avoided; as I have often known a strong dose of physic, as well as a bleeding, aggravate a mere slight indication of Gout into a severe decided fit.

But the management of himself and of his habits, on the part of the patient, is of more importance in keeping off this malady than medicine. His diet must be restricted, and he must dine at an earlier hour than is the custom at present amongst the higher ranks of society; his exercise must be gentle, but regular; his mind must be kept free from solicitude and care; he must avoid intense study\*, and he must be chaste. The word which Pliny uses to express this item of precaution is a remarkable one, and,

\* Sydenham, a great sufferer by the Gout, remarks, ' Quoties me ad hæc studia recipiebam, toties et Podagra recurrebat.'

as far as I remember at this moment, peculiar to himself—it is *sanctitas*. He remarks of a friend of his, a martyr to the Gout, that ‘*Pedum dolorem fregit abstinencia, et sanctitate.*’ This point of conduct may have been thought important in the eyes of the Roman, in consequence of what Hippocrates has remarked in the 30th Aphorism of the 6th Section, relative to the non-appearance of Gout before puberty, Παῖς οὐ ποδαγρία, πρὸ τοῦ ἀφροδισιασμοῦ, especially as his own Celsus had adopted and recorded the same opinion. ‘*Ea raro vel castratos, vel pueros ante fœminæ coitum tentat.*’

Be this as it may, I venture to say that the caution is worth observing; for nothing enervates the system so much as this indulgence, especially in excess: and an enervated state of the body is that which renders it most assailable by Gout.

I have only to add, that I have seen the best possible effect, in a great many instances, from the use of the waters of Aix la Chapelle, in restoring their healthy tone to the knees and ankles, enfeebled or stiffened by repeated fits of the Gout.



## ESSAY VIII.

### ON THE PHLEGMASIA DOLENS.

THE Phlegmasia Dolens, that white elastic swelling, generally of one, very rarely of both the lower limbs, attended with great pain and soreness, is supposed to be peculiar to female nature, indeed to women after lying-in, and was formerly considered and miscalled a 'Depôt du lait.'

But a more accurate pathology has exploded the notion of its being a deposit of milk, and has assigned causes for the disease, which do not preclude the other sex from a liability to it. Indeed a most respect-

able general practitioner has expressed such a belief, and I am much mistaken if I have not seen it in three instances, within the last few years, in men ; and if the suggestions of some intelligent practical writers, who have attributed the disease to an inflammation of the veins of the pelvis be correct, there is no reason why men should not occasionally contract the malady, though it will be easily admitted that the long-continued pressure of the pregnant uterus on the iliac veins, and the violent change which that part of the female system undergoes by parturition, must render women more frequently the subjects of this complaint.

Perhaps you will allow me to give two of these cases in some detail ; and I beg you to bear in mind the notion of an inflammation of the veins of the pelvis as the origin

of the painful affection; because I think their history serves much to confirm the correctness and truth of this notion.

The late Earl of L. suffered with this disease many years before his death, and bore marks of it to the last, in a swelling of the left leg and thigh, and in the varicose state of the veins from the ankle to the groin. He was attended by the late Dr. Pemberton in the first instance, and the symptoms were palliated from time to time; but he remained subject to repeated attacks of the same painful malady; and I am persuaded that the obstruction to the circulation of the blood, occasioned by the original inflammation, gave rise at length to that disease of the brain which incapacitated him for the business of his great office, and ultimately deprived him of life.

When I first attended him, some three

years before his death, I found him subject to temporary congestions in the liver, which were relieved by small repeated doses of calomel, followed by purgative draughts containing neutral salts. But there was something extraordinary in his pulse which attracted my particular attention. It was most unusually *slow*, beating only forty-four pulsations in a minute, whereas I learnt that the original habit of it was to give seventy-four strokes in that space of time. This was ingeniously conjectured by Sir Astley Cooper, who had attended him with Dr. Pemberton, and had witnessed repeated attacks of the inflammation of the veins, to be attributable to an obliteration of the external iliac vein of the side affected; by which the blood was returned to the heart more slowly, and the vital organ was not stimulated thereby to contract itself till after longer intervals



than had been its custom. The good reason and propriety of this conjecture was abundantly confirmed by examination of Lord L.'s body after death, when the left external iliac vein was found to be impervious for several inches, and, what is remarkable, the corresponding vein on the right side was ossified.

It is not improbable that the stroke of apoplexy which brought his life into imminent hazard when it occurred, and which destroyed his mental powers for the whole year during which he survived it, was referable to the same obstruction to the return of the blood towards the heart from the lower extremities; nor was it unlikely that a large accumulation of blood in the sinuses of the brain (in consequence of an impediment to its free ingress from the vena cava descendens, into the right auricle, caused by

the heart's preternatural delay in contracting) should occasion an effusion of serum into the brain. This was the case, in fact; and at least four ounces of lymph were deposited in its substance, in an unnatural cavity extending from the roof of the ventricle to the pia maternal covering of it. Lord L., some time previously to the apoplectic seizure, had complained of an imperfection in his vision, and used to remark that he missed a word or two in every line; but after the blow was struck, he lost the power of speech almost altogether. Epileptic fits followed, at uncertain intervals, and in one of these he expired. Alas! how fearfully and how wonderfully are we made! and on what a thread does this proud distinction of man, his reason, and his life, depend! What momentous consequences do sometimes follow the slightest derange-

ment of the economy of our curious fabric ! This inflammation of the vein, from whatever cause it arose, (the most probable one was exposure to a cold March wind in a rather thinner dress than usual,) appeared to give way to appropriate remedies, and was not thought of any importance beyond the pain and inconvenience which it occasioned at the moment ; but it was destined to produce a tragedy, some time after, of unusual interest and distress ;—Lord L. married subsequently to the first attack of the disease, and was directing the affairs of this great nation at the height of its glory, when the matured consequences of this disturbance of the circulation, by a common cold, deprived him of his intellect and of his life.

Another case of this disease presented itself to me in the person of an officer of high military reputation, who fell ill under

symptoms of an inflammation of his chest. He had already been bled, and had taken physic when I saw him, and was complaining of acute pain in the region of the liver. This was met by a further loss of blood by cupping the right side; soon after which a deep-seated pain attacked him in the left groin; here sixteen leeches were applied, and the part was fomented. On the following day, the thigh and leg were considerably swollen; some knots could be felt in the course of the veins, and the lymphatics of the surface manifested themselves in red streaks. Here, again, the inflammation and soreness were treated by more leeches, and cold lotions, and a necessity for their repetition occurred three several times more on account of the pain—once again above the knee, twice in the leg.

At length the fire was extinguished, but

the limb has continued swoln, though to a less degree, ever since. However, some baths on the Continent, and a bandage, have reduced the inconvenience so much, that it interferes now but little with the comforts of life. But my patient returned to town, this last autumn, under considerable anxiety and alarm, on account of a notable intermission which had been discovered in his pulse; the importance or no importance of which some time will be necessary to ascertain; but this symptom will induce me to look with suspicion upon, and to watch with jealous care, any affection of the head, should it arise.

As to inflammation of the veins, generally, it is not my purpose to discuss this question on the present occasion, nor to enter into a consideration of the various opinions which

pathologists have entertained of the nature of the symptoms which arise in that state. We all know that injuries done to veins by accidents are apt to produce a disease which proceeds most rapidly to the destruction of life ; and that this is much less frequently the case where the inflammation has arisen spontaneously. Probably the admission of air into their cavities, as would often be the result of an injury, may make the difference. No ; my object, in this short paper, has been, merely, to assist in doing away the opinion that phlegmasia dolens is peculiar to women ; and to confirm, as far as these two cases may be thought to confirm it, the later and better philosophy of the disorder.

I would add, that I think it worth your future attentive consideration, and inquiry, whether the irregular intermittent pulse, so

frequently observed in the decline of life, may not be traceable to some *past unheeded* inflammation in an important vein, and to a consequent impermeability or obliteration of its channel.





## ESSAY IX.

### ON THE TREATMENT OF INSANITY, PARTICULARLY THE MORAL TREATMENT.

THERE is no disease which appeals more forcibly to our best feelings, or which deserves better the curious attention of the philosopher, and the sympathy of the philanthropist; no one which requires the best skill of the physician, more than insanity.

As both the mind and the body of an insane patient are involved in one common calamity, the whole man is prostrated, as it were, and becomes an object of terror and of pity to all around him.—Of terror, because

he acts from impulse, and not from reason; and may therefore do great and sudden mischief to himself, and to others within his reach.—Of pity, because he is cut off from all the comforts of this life, and intercepted in that moral improvement which may be essential to his happiness hereafter. In fact, being in possession of his physical vitality, and in the midst of life, he is, to all intents and purposes, morally dead, so long as his disease continues.

Of an insane person there is not necessarily more than one faculty of the mind affected,—the judgment. His perception may be clear, and his memory unimpaired. Of a patient under delirium, all the powers of the mind are implicated, and besides remain unconnected until the delirium cease.

As the judgment is the faculty involved, an impending attack of insanity generally

manifests itself, as might be expected, by indecision — which Mr. Burke says is the natural accomplice of violence ; by suspicion without probable cause, and lastly by delusions, assumed notions which have no foundation in nature, or in truth. When these delusions shall have taken possession of the mind, the disease is established ; and a court of inquiry decides most properly, that a person is of unsound mind, of whom testimony has been given, that delusions were entertained by him, and that such delusions influenced his conduct.

I do not intend to confine myself, in my observations on the treatment of insanity, to the use of medicine only ; for though this be highly requisite in the first stage of the disease, and from time to time, throughout its course, yet as the malady advances, the frame accommodates itself to its inconve-

niences, and medicine becomes less obviously necessary every day. When the bodily health is plainly disturbed in the commencement, (and it is sure to be so, either as a cause of the insanity, or an immediate consequence of it,) the physician will exercise his discernment in finding out the organ principally aggrieved. If the attack shall have been preceded by hypochondriasis, (which differs from insanity in not being accompanied with delusions, though its nervous fears are sometimes as gratuitous and ill-founded as the delusions of insanity,) he will direct his expedients to the restorations of the healthy secretions of the stomach and the liver. If long protracted anxiety of mind shall have produced the ill, by depriving the patient of appetite and of rest, he will contrive, by poppy and mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of

the world, if possible, to medicine him again to the indispensable blessing of sleep.

Or sudden misfortune may have paralysed the mind, as it were; or eager hopes of wealth, unexpectedly blasted, may have driven reason from her seat; as in the remarkable instance of Omichund, the Gentoo merchant, after the battle of Plassy. It is related of Omichund, that he became instantaneously speechless, and soon after insane, on being told that his name was not mentioned in a treaty between Colonel Clive and Meer Jaffier, in which it was to have been stipulated, that he should receive nearly a million of money for his services, in assisting to dethrone the Nabob of Bengal\*.

Or, the reverse of this, madness may have been the consequence of the sudden acquisition of enormous wealth. For it is re-

\* See Orme's History of Indostan, vol. ii.

corded in our annals, that more people went mad in the year 1720, who had become unexpectedly rich by their adventures, than incurred the same sad penalty of their speculations, by the loss of all their property. I allude to that year of national infatuation and disaster, when more than the wealth of the world was promised from the South Sea alone. In such cases it will be prudent to inquire whether the brain has not been oppressed, by its blood-vessels having become suddenly turgid and over-gorged, in consequence of the great mental emotion.

Or has some eruption been hastily repelled, or some evacuation heedlessly suppressed; or some strong propensity of the system improvidently thwarted? These several occasions of insanity will require their appropriate remedies. But your observation and experience will detect the

source of wrong wherever it may lie hidden, and your skill will administer to it.

The second stage is a period of excitement, and little more can be done in this, than to guard the patient against the possibility of hurting himself or others. To reason with him, whilst under a paroxysm, is to talk to the winds. Personal restraint must be had recourse to, and I have only to remark, that I have seen the time of coercion materially abridged (an object of great importance) by the use of tartarised antimony, which controls the violence, and shortens the duration of the paroxysm, and which recommends itself, moreover, by the facility with which it can be administered.

But it is to the moral treatment in the third stage, that I desire to call your particular attention; and I must be permitted to premise, in candour, that I doubt whether

so much is *generally* attempted by physicians, as might be done with advantage. I admit that the limited remuneration of the superintendents of establishments for the reception of insane persons in humble life does not allow of such pains being taken with each recovering patient, as his symptoms might profit by; but to those in more fortunate circumstances, every resource may and ought to be employed, which can possibly promote a cure. The mind, if I may trust my own experience, is not less instinctively disposed than the body to exert itself to throw off disease; and I think I have seen a marked period when these efforts are to be expected. Indeed it has been collected from the records of five hundred cases of insanity, which have recovered, that four hundred and fifty of them manifested decided improvement at the expiration of three



months. When the stage of excitement has passed, a calm usually follows, proportioned to that excitement, and in this state of comparative composure, the delusions, which the mind had entertained, adhere to it less pertinaciously. The patient himself begins to doubt their reality. His affections, which had been estranged from what he used to hold most dear, seem disposed to return. He becomes less negligent of his person, inquires after his family, and is all anxiety to know what dream he has passed through, and to be told of the storm which lately so convulsed him. Now, if, at this auspicious moment, the intercourse of a discreet friend be permitted, it will cheer the patient's heart, while, by kindness and attention, the physician will easily get possession of his returning confidence, and so induce him to unbosom himself of the

distempered notions which still continue to haunt him. These, although they be founded in palpable error, the considerate physician will not combat rudely, but will take proper opportunities of hinting his doubts of their reality. He will never deceive his patient, but take pains to prevail upon him, whenever they recur, to refer them to his unbiassed and more practised judgment ; and to be guided by that, rather than by his own, in estimating the correctness of such opinions. He will act, as it were, upon a system of education, and will aim thereby at confirming the spirits, and strengthening the mind of the convalescent ; and as the discipline employed in youth serves to encourage and enforce the predominance of reason over the passions, so will discreet converse assist in restoring reason to the seat of which disease had dispossessed her, and

in giving her back again her proper sway over wild impulses. He will engage the mind agreeably, by presenting to it new objects, and by recalling former pursuits to their wonted acceptance. Had the patient, before he was ill, any favourite amusement of a harmless nature? Was he fond of music, for instance?—Music, without exercising the attention severely, has the power, however, to fix it: therefore with this ‘*sola voluptas solamenque mali*,’ the only gratification perhaps of which he is capable at this period of his mental darkness, he may be indulged immediately. Of the solace of music, nay more, of its influence upon melancholy, I need not look for evidence in the universal testimony of antiquity, nor remind such an audience of its recorded effect upon the gloomy distemper of the perverse mind of Saul. I myself have wit-

nessed its power to mitigate the sadness of seclusion, in a case where my loyalty as a good subject, and my best feelings as a man, were more than usually interested in the restoration of my patient; and I also remember its salutary operation in the case of a gentleman in Yorkshire many years ago, who was first stupified, and afterwards became insane, upon the sudden loss of all his property. This gentleman could hardly be said to live—he merely vegetated, for he was motionless until pushed, and did not speak to, nor notice anybody in the house, for nearly four months. The first indication of a return of any sense appeared in his attention to music played in the street. This was observed, the second time he heard it, to have a more decided force in arousing him from his lethargy; and induced by this good omen, the sagacious humanity

of his superintendent offered him a violin. He seized it eagerly, and amused himself with it constantly. After six weeks, hearing the rest of the patients of the house pass by his door to their common room, he accosted them, ‘Good morning to you all, gentlemen; I am quite well, and desire I may accompany you.’ In two months more, he was dismissed cured.

Or had the patient, before he became insane, a predilection for any particular studies? Would he take the counsel of Lord Bacon \*, and entertain such as fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature? Or did he prefer mathematics, and can he now be prevailed upon to enter upon a course of such reading? One of the Gre-

\* See Lord Bacon’s Essays, Civil and Moral.

cian philosophers \* has called mathematical demonstrations the purgatives of the soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from errors, and give it a relish for truth. Certainly nothing more entirely bars the intrusion of 'thick-coming fancies,' by occupying the whole mind, than mathematical studies ; and it is within my own knowledge, and that, no doubt, of many of you, that the elder Doctor A——, whilst he was practising physic with great reputation in the country, became deranged, and lived miserably under a delusion that he had been reduced to beggary. After a separation from his family of some months, he was advised to resume the study of Euclid, to which he had occasionally dropped hints of his partiality. He did resume it with great satisfaction to

\* Plato.

himself, and with the happiest effect, and recovered at length so entirely, as to be able to recommence business in London, and to continue to practise physic until his death.

Another most efficient resource, if it can be introduced safely, is the study of the Holy Scriptures. But this requires great caution and consideration, ere it be admitted; nor can it be recommended in any case where the disease, as often happens, has connected itself with religious speculations in the first instance. Enthusiasm is so apt to arise from the conceits of a warm, or overweening brain, (to use the language of Mr. Locke,) that unless the physician feel assured that the ‘great imagination’\* of his patient has

\* . . . . . ‘ And so, with great imagination  
Proper to madmen.’

SHAKSPEARE, Henry IV. Part 2nd, Act 1.

been controlled, and his judgment strengthened, he may drive him into a more dangerous labyrinth of errors than that from which he appeared to be extricating himself—by introducing the discussion of religious topics. Yet, if he can be trusted with the sacred volume, what employment can engage his thoughts more profitably, what moment can be so appropriate as that in which he is recovering from sickness; when his mind has been subdued and softened by so appalling a visitation, and is ready to look for comfort, where only it is to be found? \* Besides, who

\* I own I cannot agree in opinion with those physicians who hold that religious offices are misplaced altogether in houses of lunatics. The experiment has now been made nine years in the Asylum at Lancaster with the most satisfactory result, as the annual reports of Mr. Umpleby, the Chaplain, abundantly testify. Of course, proper precautions are taken, that none be admitted to prayers without



can forget Dr. Johnson's relation of his last affecting interview with the poet Collins, who had been deranged some time before, whom he found with no other book than the New Testament? and when his friend took it into his hand out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but that is the best.'

And who would not be glad to have been the physician, who ministered so happily to 'the mind diseased' of Cowper, and consoled him under his humiliation and broken spirits? Hear his acknowledgments of his obligations to Dr. Cotton, and you will agree with me, that gratitude partakes of the

having been previously examined on the Sunday morning by the medical superintendent, as to their fitness, and capability of attention. The average number who have attended chapel on Sundays is 115.

quality of mercy, and is 'twice blessed. It blesses him that gives, and him that takes ;' and fortunate above all others is your profession, which gives you occasion to hear the language of gratitude, from some quarter or other, every day !

'I was not,' says Cowper in one of his letters, 'only treated by the Doctor with the greatest tenderness whilst I was ill, and attended with the utmost diligence, but when my reason was restored to me, and I had so much need of a religious friend to converse with, to whom I could open my mind upon the subject, without reserve, I could hardly have found a fitter person for the purpose. My eagerness and anxiety to settle my opinions upon that long-neglected point made it necessary, that, when my mind was yet weak, and my spirits uncertain, I should have some as-

sistance. The Doctor was as ready to administer relief to me in this article likewise, and was as well qualified to do it, as in that which was more immediately his province. How many physicians would have thought this an irregular appetite, and a symptom of remaining madness? But if it were so, my friend was as mad as myself, and it is well for me that he was so.'

These are some of the appliances which experience presents to us as auxiliaries to soothe, at least, the afflictions of insanity, and to remedy, in cases which are remediable, this peculiar infirmity of our moral condition, by occupying the mind to the exclusion of those forgeries of the fancy, those 'unreal mockeries,' which, however, are apt to acquire the weight of realities,

and to become the source of motives, if allowed to establish themselves by habit.

The one great object is to engross the thoughts rationally, to keep the judgment alert, and in active exercise, by something which must engage it irresistibly and intensely, in order to prevent the intrusion of the delusions, as frightful dreams are prevented by keeping the senses awake to receive new successive exciting impressions. Indeed the phantasies of an insane mind resemble more correctly, than any thing else, the reveries of dreaming. They are alike irregular, unsubstantial, desultory, incongruous with nature, wide of truth, yet taken for truth until reason and judgment awake.

The same means are applicable to cases which, having once recovered, are again in

imminent danger of a relapse into the disease. It is remarkable, and may be fortunate, perhaps, in some instances, that we have not unfrequently the advantage of knowing from the patient himself, whose reason begins to be obscured by the flying vapours of incipient madness, but is not yet eclipsed, that a return of his malady is impending over him. On visiting the mad-houses in the neighbourhood of London, some years ago, two patients were pointed out to me, who had come back again, at their own suggestion, and by their own free will, to the chambers from whence they had been dismissed cured, many months before; and I was once consulted by a very sensible gentleman, who had been insane three several times, on the recurrence of certain indications which, he told me, had preceded every

one of his former attacks. He mentioned, in particular, a distressing dream, which he detailed, and added, that, though he had a fondness for all kinds of music, he was now haunted incessantly and alarmingly by one of the overtures of Handel, as he had been invariably before. With these signs, as he could not help associating a painful recollection of his previous visitations, and a dread of an instant return of his malady, he desired my advice. I add, with sorrow, that his apprehensions were soon realized, and that he became insane again, in spite of my best attempts to help him, and continued insane as long as he lived.

It remains that I should say one word on the tests of recovery from a state of insanity. Some physicians will hardly be satisfied by any other proof than that of an admission on the part of the patient himself, that he

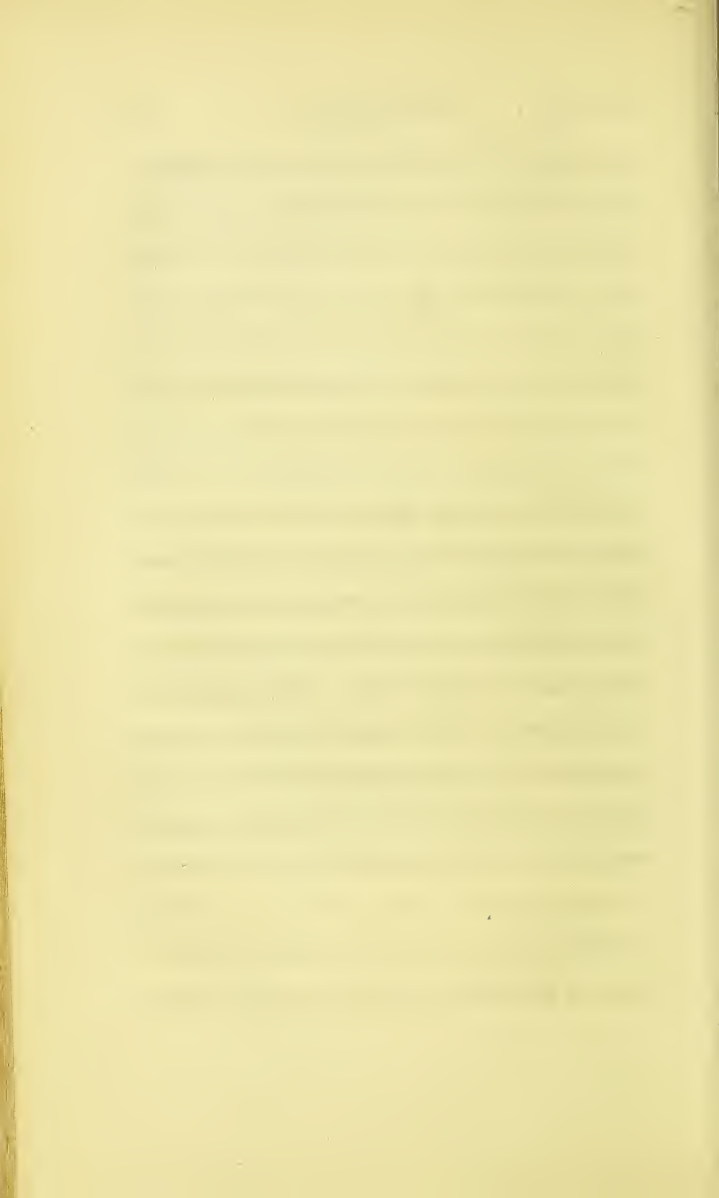
has been insane ; but I do not think it quite fair to expect this, particularly if, in the course of his malady, frequent argument has been held, as will probably have been the case, on the subject of his erroneous persuasions. Something must be conceded to the pride of human nature, which does not easily consent to acknowledge *that* of which it has long been in the habit of denying the existence. Nor is it always safe, on the other hand, to suppose that a patient has discarded his delusions, merely because he has ceased to divulge them : for if he be aware that you consider them as proofs of the continuance of disorder in his mind, he will conceal them from you ; he will be upon his guard, (as he can be at a certain period of his recovery,) and will not talk of them any more, though he still entertain them. You may recollect the cases quoted by Mr.

Erskine on the trial of Hatfield; and I remember hearing the late Lord Ellenborough express, in the strongest terms, his conviction that an insane person was now recovered, after having observed him to sustain a lengthened conversation upon an important subject with great good sense and sobriety. Nevertheless, this patient was detected, a few days afterwards, under the full influence of his delusion, using Latin, however, to express his thoughts, that he might elude, if possible, the watchful notice of his attendants. What then shall we consider a proof of recovery? and when shall we be justified in opening the door, and allowing a person who has been insane, to go out and resume the management of his own affairs?

Undoubtedly, if he do in good faith, as Cowper did, acknowledge that he has been



ill, though he now claim to be considered *well*—if he has discarded the one overwhelming idea, and has ceased for some time to indulge in those ill-founded conceits, and in those overt acts, which arose out of it, and which characterized his distemper—if he sleep habitually well, and his general manner and demeanour do now manifest a contrast with his late behaviour—and if he continue to command himself, and his conduct be uniformly rational and proper for a given time ; then I would say with the physician in King Lear, ‘ Be comforted, good madam !—The great rage you see is cured in him,’ and I should think it safe and proper to emancipate him, at least on trial.



## ESSAY X.

### ON THE DEATHS OF SOME ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS OF ANTIQUITY.

ALTHOUGH it may appear, at first sight, an object of mere idle curiosity to enquire into the deaths of celebrated persons of antiquity, yet it will be readily admitted, on reflection, that when our feelings have been captivated by the history of the transactions of an illustrious life, the mind is unsatisfied so long as any thing remain to be told of the person who has so much interested curiosity and absorbed attention. Nor am I afraid to aver that even the moralist, who stipulates, as the price of his attention, that a detail of virtue

to be imitated, or of vice to be shunned shall be laid before him, may not wholly lose his recompense in some of the cases to which I shall call your attention this evening. But the physician, besides obtaining some curious records of political *customs* prevailing in the countries where, and at the periods when, these illustrious persons lived, will, I trust, find not a few *facts* connected with the operation of medicines, then first divulged, though since made familiar to him by time and experience; and will be able to correct by his improved knowledge of the medical art, some misapprehensions as to the nature of the diseases which led to the death of these eminent persons.

SYLLA, THE DICTATOR, died by the rupture of an internal abscess, in a paroxysm of rage. He had, it seems, set his heart upon the restoration of the capitol, and

upon its dedication by a certain day. But a messenger brought him intelligence that the resources he expected for this purpose were not forthcoming. On which he gave way to his unbridled passion, vomited a large quantity of blood, passed a night of great distress, (μοχθηρῶς εἶχε is Plutarch's phrase,) and died on the following morning. The expressions of Valerius Maximus are very forcible. '*Spiritum cruore ac minis mixtum evomuit;*' and afterwards '*ut dubium esset Sylla ne prius extingueretur, an Syllæ iracundia.*' A striking example to those who take no pains to control their passions, and doubly impressive on such as with the same violence of temper have any thing weak or unsound in their structure.

A further question of the same author, '*Quid Sylla dum huic vitio obtemperat, nonne multo alieno sanguine profuso, ad ul-*

*timum et suum erogavit?*' suggests another moral lesson, of retributive justice, for it intimates, that it was indulgence in the same furious passion which had made him so prodigal of the lives of others in the days of the proscription, that now cost him his own.

CRASSUS, the eminent Roman orator and friend of Cicero, died of a *pleurisy*. He had been speaking with great animation and effect in the senate, when he was seized with a pain in his side and broke out into a profuse perspiration. On going home he had a shivering fit, followed by fever. The pain in the side still continued, and he died on the seventh day of this disease. The terms of deep sorrow in which Cicero \* laments so feelingly and so beautifully the loss of this eminent man, may justify the regret of phy-

\* Cicero de Oratore. Lib. iii. sub initio.

sicians, even at this distant period, that it has not been transmitted down to them what resources of our art were resorted to in order to save a life so valuable to his country. Thus much, however, we do know, that CELSUS, who lived not many years afterwards, suggests the proper treatment of a pleurisy by bleeding, cupping, and blistering, all the expedients, in fact, which we use at this era of improvement in the art of medicine. We may rest assured, therefore, that nothing was left undone to save this distinguished person; and that the regret of his friends was not aggravated, nor their grief rendered more poignant, by any consideration of that kind.

Of POMPONIUS ATTICUS, whom Cicero loved as a brother, and whose amiability secured him the esteem of all parties, in the most distracted condition of the state, both

in their elevation and depression, as they were alternately triumphant, or beaten down, the mortal disease is said to have been a *fistula in the loins*; probably a *dysentery*, ending, as it sometimes does, in an ulceration of the lower bowel, for he is described as having suffered *tormina* in the intestines, and *tenesmus*. Finding his disease increase, notwithstanding his patient use of all the medicines which had been prescribed for him, he called his friends together, and told them, that he was now determined not to take either food or physic again, and intreated them not to attempt to dissuade him from his fixed purpose. After two days' abstinence the complaint seemed to leave him, but this did not move him from his resolution. He persevered till his death, which occurred on the fifth day, when he was seventy-seven years old.



This resource of *starvation*, under irremediable disease, seems to have been resorted to frequently by the Romans, as it had been occasionally by the Greeks. There is a very interesting letter in Pliny the Younger narrating the death of one of his friends, whose wife sent to Pliny, to come and dissuade her husband from his unhappy resolve to take no more food. When, however, Pliny arrived, it was too late. He learnt that his friend was just dead, and that his constant reply to all the affectionate entreaties of his family, was only *κέκρικα*, *decrevi*, 'I have made up my mind.'

It should seem that the ancients valued themselves upon their intrepidity in falling upon their own swords, or in ridding themselves of life by any other means, when pain or disaster had made them weary of it;

and the credit they obtained for such fortitude might be a sufficient compensation for the sacrifice of an existence which was only painful; without the consolation of that sure and certain hope of a better life hereafter, which the Gospel of mercy and peace holds forth to the faithful Christian under all his sufferings.

With the latter end of SOCRATES you are well acquainted. He was put to death by the common mode at Athens, of despatching persons capitally convicted; that is, by a narcotic poison. But as neither Xenophon nor Plato mentions the precise poison which was employed, we are left to conjecture what it was by our knowledge of what narcotics the Greeks were acquainted with or employed at that time. They knew, amongst others, the *Aconite*, the *Black Poppy*, the

*Hyoscyamus* \*, and *Hemlock*. Perhaps the black poppy might have been the Theban drug, our opium. The *Hyoscyamus* is used at Constantinople, and, I believe, throughout the Morea, at this day, under the name of *Nebensch*, which sounds so like *Nepenthe*, that Homer's

Νηπενθές τ' ἄχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἀπάντων—

(Od. Δ. 221.)

occurs to our minds irresistibly, and makes us suspect, that the *Hyoscyamus* had been known from very early times as a narcotic.

But it is most probable that the poison which was administered to Socrates, was the same as that which was given to other con-

\* Of the *Hyoscyamus*, two species are described by Dioscorides, as being both *μανιωδεῖς*, and *καρωτικὰ*, and therefore *δύσχρηστοι*, but a third kind is mentioned as a useful sedative.

demned criminals, and that, we know, was the κώνειον\*, the Cicuta, Hemlock. Dion, the father of Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, who was intimately acquainted with Plato, and therefore a contemporary of Socrates, was poisoned by Hemlock, and Plutarch† says, that Phocion drank the κώνειον. This, we have reason to suppose, was always fresh pounded for the occasion; and we learn from Theophrastus‡, that the *whole* plant was usually pounded together, but that the Chians peeled off the outer rind, as occasioning pain, and that then having bruised the other part, and put it in water, they drank the infusion, and found it to cause an easy death. Juvenal was there-

\* See Aristophanes' Ran. 123, quoted by Forster towards the end of his notes on the Phædo.

† Vide Plutarchum in Vita Phocionis, 6. 37.

‡ Hist. Pl. ix. 17.

fore correct in speaking of the Cicutæ as the poison which Socrates drank.

‘ Hunc inopem vidistis Athenæ  
Nil præter gelidas ausæ conferre Cicutas.’

Whatever the poison were, it must have been one of weak and tardy operation; for the executioner told Socrates that it would prevent its effect, if he entered into earnest dispute, and that it was sometimes necessary to repeat the dose three or four times. After a while, the Philosopher is described as having felt a weight in his legs, as if he had been intoxicated. The effect of the drug grew stronger, and made him, at length so insensible to pain, that he did not feel when his foot was pinched. The extremities grew cold,—he was convulsed, and expired.

But what was the poison contained in that ‘ Cannarum Vindex, et tanti sanguinis ultor *Annulus* ’ by which HANNIBAL destroyed

himself? When the tyrant of Bithynia had pointed out to his enemies who were in pursuit of him the house in which Hannibal lodged, the unfortunate General, finding his fate inevitable, said, according to Livy, ‘ Now \* will we liberate these Romans from their unceasing solicitude about us. They are tired, it seems, of waiting for the death of an old man,’ and took the poison. What it was, it is almost impossible that we should ever know. Modern chemistry, indeed, could furnish twenty poisons capable of being comprehended within the space of a ring. One drop of *Prussic acid*, contained in a small glass tube open at both ends, and held between the finger and thumb, so as to touch both when in motion, would paralyse the arm almost instantaneously, and, of

\* ‘ Solvamus diuturnâ curâ populum Romanum, quando mortem senis expectare longum censet.’—LIVY.

course, if taken into the stomach, would forthwith arrest the current of life. But although the Carthaginians were a much more civilized people than their enemies, the Romans (who happen to be their historians) are willing to allow, yet it is too much to suppose, that they knew how to prepare the Prussic acid. No,—*Lybia ferax venenorum*, Lybia abounding in the venom of serpents, and in the inspissated juices of deleterious vegetables, more probably furnished them with the poisons in question, and afforded to Hannibal a sure resource whenever his circumstances should become desperate \*.

\* My friend Mr. Hatchett conjectures that the poison which Hannibal took might have been the inspissated exudation of the *Euphorbia officinalis*. The *Euphorbia* is a native of Africa, abundant there, and was well known as one of the most powerful acrid vegetable poisons.

As to the report of his being poisoned by drinking *bullock's blood*, mentioned by Plutarch, it must be a fable, as was that also of the death of Themistocles by drinking a similar draught, for the blood of that animal is not poisonous. An accomplished Nobleman told me that he was present at one of the bull-fights at Madrid, when a person rushed from the crowd, and having made his way to the bull which the Matador had just stricken, caught the blood, as it flowed from the wound, in a goblet, and drank it off before the assembly. On inquiring into the object which the poor Spaniard had in view, it appeared that the blood of a bull just slain was a popular remedy for consumptive symptoms.

Of the poison by which Nero destroyed BRITANNICUS—I think we may form a pro-



bable conjecture, by considering all the circumstances of the narrative of Tacitus\*, taken in comparison with the effects of a deleterious distilment made notorious in our days, *the laurel water*. The historian states, that when Nero had determined to despatch the ill-fated youth, he sent for Locusta, a convicted female poisoner, who had been pardoned, and was kept for state purposes. Nero ordered her to prepare a poison which should produce its effect immediately, in distinction from one of those which should prove fatal at some distant given day; for the notion prevailed then, (as at the beginning of the last century, when the *aqua topkana*, a solution of Arsenic, was used for these base purposes,) that poisoners could devise a draught which would operate at any given period. Locusta prepared one which

\* See Annal. Lib. xiii. c. 15.

killed a goat after five hours. This would not serve the tyrant's purpose—he ordered her to provide a more speedy instrument, to prepare it in his own chamber, and in his presence. The boiling began, and was urged to the *effectual* moment; in proof of which it was tried on a hog, and the animal was killed by it immediately. Dinner is served. The young members of the Imperial Family are sitting at the foot of the table. The Emperor and his guests reclining on their sides. The unhappy youth calls for water—the Prægustator tastes it, and then serves it. It is too hot. Some of it is poured off, and the glass is filled up with a fluid resembling water—but this contains the poison. The young man drinks it, and is seized instantly with an epileptic fit, in which he expires. He is buried the same night.

This detail may recall to the recollection

of many of you the case of Sir Theodosius Boughton, who was poisoned by Captain Donellan, in the year 1780, with laurel water. It appeared probable, on the trial, that the fluid in which the jalap had been mixed as a purgative medicine, and sent by Sir Theodosius Boughton's apothecary, had been poured off, and laurel water substituted in its room. The effect was precisely the same in the two cases; each of the unhappy victims experienced an epileptic fit which proved fatal immediately. You remember the testimony of the late Mr. John Hunter, who went down to Warwick to give his opinion respecting the disease of which Sir Theodosius had died, and that he pronounced it an epileptic fit.

Nero, whilst the poor youth was convulsed and struggling under the workings of the poison, had the audacity to state to his

associates at the table, that they need not disquiet themselves, the youth would soon be himself again—that he had been subject to epileptic fits from his infancy; and Donnellan, in the same defiance of truth, alleged that there was no reason for surprise at the sudden death of Sir Theodosius Boughton, as he was subject to fits of this dangerous character.

Another circumstance is mentioned by Dio Cassius; viz., an extraordinary lividness\* which came over the face of Britannicus, and which Nero was tempted to

\* *πῆλιδνος*—Does Juvenal allude to this circumstance in his first Satire?—

‘*Instituitque rudes melior Locusta propinquas*

*Per famam, et populum nigros efferre maritos.*’

If so, by the epithet, *nigros*, he may be fairly supposed to have associated the name of the infamous Locusta, with the appropriate effect of the peculiar poison by which she usually executed her diabolical purposes.

endeavour to conceal by paint, lest it should betray the secret that he had perished by foul means. Now I remember to have seen the face of Sir Theodosius Boughton, when the corpse had been disinterred, in order to be examined for the satisfaction of the Coroner's Jury, and its colour resembled that of a pickled walnut. I do not lay much stress upon these circumstances, though they are not without their interest. But if we only suppose that the Romans were acquainted with the deleterious influence of the Laurel, and the process of distillation, we shall find no difficulty in supposing that Britannicus was poisoned by *Laurel Water*.

It is true that it is the *Lauro Cerasus* from which we have distilled the Laurel Water, and that the *Lauro Cerasus* is not indigenous in Italy, but is a native of

Colchis\*, and the neighbourhood of the Euxine Sea. But, why may it not have been imported from thence with the Venena Colchica, of which we read so frequently? And when we recollect, moreover, that this Canidia, whom Nero employed, was a convicted adept in the art of poisoning, it is not difficult to persuade ourselves, that the Lauro Cerasus might have been the material which Locusta boiled in Nero's presence.

The Laurus Nobilis, the Daphne, grows spontaneously about Rome, and was dedicated to Apollo, the God of Physic; and the enlightened inhabitants of that great city could not fail to have heard of the influence of the Daphne upon the Pythian priestess at the temple of Delphi, the oracle

\* The first Laurel brought into this country came from Trebizond.

of their Grecian neighbours, centuries before. The priestess, you know, was agitated and convulsed before she prophesied, and these convulsions were occasioned by the use of the *Daphne*\*, which she was compelled to take, in some form or other, always to the danger, and frequently to the destruction of her life.

As to their knowledge of the art of distillation, it is true, that they had not the still and the refrigeratory, which modern science has brought to such perfection; but they practised the simpler mode of receiving the vapour of the boiling herbs in a handful of wool, or in a sponge, from which they squeezed it when cold, and kept it for use.

\* Professor Sibthorp, who visited Greece in 1794, thus writes in his manuscript Journal:—‘ On the rocks of Delphi I observed some curious plants; a new species of *Daphne*, which I have called *Daphne Castaliensis*, afforded me singular pleasure.’

This was a ruder mode of obtaining the virtue of herbs ; but nevertheless, not an ineffectual one.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT was said to have been poisoned ; but the best account of his death is written by Arrian, who mentions such a report as having prevailed ; but this, after giving a rational detail of his illness, and also recounting the daily *bulletins* which were issued respecting it, the most ancient series of bulletins on record. The story went, that a poison had been sent to him by *Antipater*\*, prepared by Aristotle, (to his everlasting infamy, had it been true, for the Stagirite had been Alexander's preceptor,) that this poison had been conveyed in the hoof of a mule, being of so subtle a nature, that no vessel of silver or iron or any other metal could contain it.

\* Viceroy of Macedon during Alexander's absence.



*Plutarch* states this, and so does *Quintus Curtius*, with whom agree Justin and Pliny\*. But had it been sent at all, it would not have been conveyed in the hoof of a mule, or of any other beast of burthen, as the commentators on the foregoing authors amuse themselves with alleging; but in an *onyx*, a stone of some value, which was employed to hold precious ointments. We have in Horace, ‘*Nardi parvus onyx.*’ Now *ὄνυξ* in Greek signifies, not only this stone, but also *unguis*, the first sense of which is a *human nail*; but the second is the *hoof of a horse*, or mule. The second sense of *unguis*, therefore, was given by mistake, instead of a precious stone. The late Dr. Heberden (whose memory deserves the peculiar respect of our profession, as he was not only

\* Lib. xxx. c. 15.

a ripe and good scholar, but an excellent physician) unravels the mysterious tale of the custom of professed poisoners, of carrying their poisons under their nails, by this misinterpretation of the word ὄνυξ. And the same satisfactory explanation may be applied, I think, to this fable of the imputed atrocity of Antipater.

Alexander died, in fact, of *a remittent fever*, which he had caught in the marshes of Babylon. He had resolved to make that mother of cities and cradle of civilization the capital of his great eastern empire, and occupied himself, amongst other important objects, with diverting the channel of the Euphrates, and draining some enormous lakes which the river had left from time to time by overflowing its banks. He superintended these operations himself, and be-

gan to complain of fever on the day which he had set apart for offering a splendid sacrifice for the success of his intended expedition to Arabia.

After the banquet, he was prevailed upon to spend the evening with Medius, one of his favourites, where he remained till after midnight, not, however, to commit any excess, but for the pleasure of social intercourse, for Arrian says, expressly \*, that οἱ πότοι δὲ, οὐ τοῦ οἴνου ἕνεκα, μακροὶ αὐτῷ ἐγίγνοντο (οὐ γὰρ πίνειν πολὺν οἶνον Ἀλέξανδρον) ἀλλὰ φιλοφροσύνης τῆς εἰς τοὺς ἐταίρους;—attesting that in the pleasures of the table he was temperate, not to say abstinent. The fever had now established itself in his frame, and the extraordinary fatigues which he had undergone; the exposure within the last

\* Vide Arrian de Expedit. Alexandri, lib. 7. Sub finem.

three years to the rains of the Punjab ; the burning sands of Gedrosia, and the frost and snow of Mount Zagrus, and lastly to the marsh miasmata of the Babylonian lakes, leave us but little cause for surprise, that all proved at length too much for even his frame of adamant to bear. He died about the 12th day. No physician is mentioned, but we conjecture from the bulletins that the king's dependence for recovery was upon abstinence and bathing. The bulletins are given, both by Arrian and Plutarch, the latter taking them from the Diary of the royal secretary, Eumenes, famous afterwards for his struggle for power with others of Alexander's generals.

On the 1st day. It is stated that he drank in festive company with Medius ; on rising bathed, and then went to rest.

2nd day. After bathing, he returned to

his bed-chamber, bathed again late in the evening, then after supper he made the accustomed offerings to the gods—and had fever through the night.

3rd day. Having bathed, he performed the usual duties of the sacrifice, and passed the day in the bathing-hall, giving orders to the commanders for the march of the army, and the sailing of the fleet. He was then carried on a couch to the river, which he crossed in a boat to a summer-house, where again he bathed and passed the night.

4th day. He bathed and sacrificed as the law required. In the evening he took a light supper, and being carried to his bed-chamber, the fever increased, and he passed a very bad night.

5th day. His fever being violent, he was carried to the great swimming bath, and

lying by it, he conversed with the generals about some persons fit to be appointed to vacant commands.

6th day. He performed again his religious ceremonies, and although there was no intermission of the fever, he would see the generals, and give orders about the expedition.

On the following day, it was not without difficulty that he was carried to the altar to make the sacrifice. Nevertheless, he would see the officers and give his commands.

On the 8th, although extremely ill, he made the accustomed sacred offerings, and ordered the generals to remain assembled in the court. He was carried from the summer-house in the park to the palace. When the generals entered he knew them, but said nothing. His fever was very violent during the night.

On the 9th it was equally violent ; on the 10th the same. This day the army became impatient to see the king ; upon which they were permitted to enter his chamber in small parties. The king looked at them steadfastly, but did not speak.

The next day the king died.

I wish I could, without too severe a demand on your time, add to this detail of Alexander's sickness, which vindicates his memory from the disgraceful imputation too lightly cast upon him of habitual intemperance, and especially from the reproach of owing his death to a drunken debauch ; I wish, I say, I could, without being tedious, add to this detail Arrian's beautiful portraiture of the character of that great man, whose spirit and energy, manifested in the conquest of so large an extent of country, was fully equalled by his wisdom in con-

trolling and attaching to his government the nations which he had subdued. Of the merit of his system of policy of intermarrying his wounded soldiers with the females of the conquered countries, and of appointing Macedonian officers to command the native troops, what stronger proofs can be given, than that the experience of more than two thousand years has added nothing to what his instinctive discernment had already suggested to him. That his successors were taught by what he had done, to found and to govern kingdoms ; and that the efficiency of the British army in India, to keep in subjection nearly one hundred millions of the inhabitants of that vast country, is at this day maintained by the very same measures which Alexander devised and carried into execution \*.

\* The life of Alexander has been written lately with



But I must not forget, that my theme was *not the lives, but the deaths* of some illustrious persons of antiquity.

great research and discrimination, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, of Lampeter : it forms the third number of the Family Library.



## ESSAY XI.

### ON THE EDUCATION AND CONDUCT OF A PHYSICIAN.

It was a favourite remark of a very accomplished Roman, Pomponius Atticus, that ‘sui cuique mores conciliant fortunam;’ and the motto of William of Wykeham, to whom many of you may have been indebted for your education, was, ‘Manners maketh the Man.’

Now, we shall do great injustice both to the Roman senator and to the illustrious ecclesiastic of our own country, if we interpret the ‘mores’ of the former, and the manners of the latter, by the mere personal

demeanour of a man. They must be construed into his principles, his generous sentiments. What is in a soldier his honour; in a lawyer his integrity; in the churchman his exemplary carriage and conduct; and in a physician all that is enjoined in the oath of Hippocrates—not only a consummate knowledge of the resources of his art, but a gentleness of manner; a sacred reserve as to the affairs of families into which he may be admitted; a delicacy and a chastity proof against all temptation. In short, he must not have witnessed sacrifices to Moloch, or the rites of Flora, ‘ubi Cato spectator esse non potuit.’

But manners, in this sense of the word, are the result of education. Uneducated man knows nothing of sentiment. He is governed by two predominant and paramount objects—the gratification of his pas-

sions, and the appropriation to himself of every thing to which he may take a fancy. Education, conducted upon Christian principles, eradicates this selfishness gradually, and finally makes him fit for society. He is taught to see the propriety, as well as the immediate advantages, of reciprocal kindness; of conceding something which he possesses to the wants of others, and of receiving in return similar accommodation. Presently he anticipates the wishes of his companion, and volunteers the gratification of them; and thus lays the foundation of a friendship in the ‘*idem velle adque idem nolle.*’ At length, by good examples, he acquires the essential principles of good breeding, ‘*nunquam se præponens aliis, adversus nemini;*’ and, so far as proper feelings are concerned, which are best obtained and improved by communication and

close intercourse with those who possess them, he is prepared to fulfil his duties in society.

Whilst the 'mores,' the result and manifestation of the moral principle, are thus developed and enlarged, in the process of which enlargement and developement an uncompromising adherence to truth is rigidly enforced as absolutely necessary to future character, the reasoning faculties are strengthened, and the mind advances in power. A disposition to make observations on what is passing arises, and must be encouraged; comparisons must be instituted in order to teach the drawing of correct inferences; a knowledge of mankind must be acquired, as far as books will teach it; the classics, those depositories of the wisdom of ancient days, which allure all men that are studious into that delicate and polished

kind of learning, must be pored over night and day ;

‘ Vos exemplaria Græca  
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.’

But it should not be forgotten that it is a mistake, and a perversion of learning, when men study words, and not matter : and fail to acquire something when they read which they can fairly call their own ; for, he who reads

‘ Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and a judgment, equal or superior,  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.’

MILTON.

But if the study of the classics be directed with judgment, it will be found that they exhibit the best models of order and of taste. In them may be traced the origin, progress, and decline of knowledge ; they

contain the history and display the picture of a world gone by, which has left specimens of the cultivation of the arts, and of the efforts of human intellect, which no subsequent age has equalled, much less surpassed. Classical knowledge, therefore, will be applicable on ten thousand occasions to illustrate and adorn science. It is interesting to each of the learned professions: to that of the lawyer, who, though he look no higher than the age of Justinian for the first systematic digest of law, yet may he find in the Greek and Roman orators the most luminous expositions of complicated details, and the most powerful appeals to the reason of an audience. To that of the churchman, by presenting to him, amongst other attractions, a valuable system of ethics, though it be deficient in the great points of general benevolence and charity, and is altogether



much inferior to that which we have all the happiness of possessing in the New Testament; nor can he fail to find a perfect intellectual enjoyment, in comparing the songs of the favoured people of God with the beautiful hymns of pagan poetry.

But to the physician, whose profession is of all countries and of every age, they are doubly attractive, because he perceives, in the ancient historians, the origin of many of the terms of his art; the earliest mention of some remedies, whose value has since been confirmed by time and use: and in the poets, the most touching descriptions of the effects of moral causes upon the health of the human system; to say nothing of the pure delight of such sources of innocent amusement as those which are opened in these fountains, and which are so well calculated to heighten the pleasure of future

success, and to soften the adversities of possible disappointment. The mathematics may now be cultivated with advantage, because they assist in forming the mind to clear perception and to accurate reasoning; and, further, as they open the road which must hereafter be travelled in pursuit of all science. But with these studies must be mixed a large acquaintance with those divine truths which are the port and sabbath (to use Lord Bacon's words) of all human contemplations. It must never be forgotten, in any system of education, that religion is the cementing and preserving principle of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort.

A pupil thus sent forth, accomplished in a virtuous discipline, fitted to procure him attention and respect in his place in society, may now commence the study of our profes-

sion ; a profession which calls for the constant exercise of a quick perception, a sound judgment, a perfect knowledge of all the resources of our art, and an indefatigable industry ; all which will be amply rewarded by what is better than honours and wealth—the blessings of thousands on his successful skill.

His first care will be to make himself fully acquainted with the curious structure of the human frame ; the functions of every part in a state of health, and its deviations from that sane and healthy condition under diseases ; the symptoms of which he must next learn to discriminate with the nicest care. After this, he will inform himself profoundly of the various remedies of our art, whether they be supplied by the botanist or the chemist, or come from whatever other source ; and, lastly, with the appropriate application

of medicine to particular disease. I forbear to enter more minutely into the order in which lectures should be attended. Every medical school has its own arrangements.

But it may not be unnecessary to guard the student against being seduced to pay a disproportionate attention to any one branch of the course. To become exclusively the botanist or chemist, or even the anatomist, where the one great object is the cure of diseases, will narrow both his resources and his mind, and will make him incur the risk of failure in the end. Philosophy, to an intellect now so well prepared to investigate its hidden truths, and to make discoveries in the ample field of general science, presents, it must be admitted, most seductive charms. But the example of Hercules, in the interesting story of his choice, must govern the student's conduct; and he will

do well to remember the rebuke of Menedemus in the play, ‘Chreme ! tantumne in re tuâ otii datur, aliena ut cures, eaque ad te quæ nihil attinent ?’

No : the cure of diseases, I repeat it, is the physician’s object, and he must not allow any thing to divert his eye from that great mark. Botany and chemistry, enchanting as they are, only furnish tools to the hand of the workman. They are but subsidiary instruments, wherewith to execute, not to form, great designs.

Nor is it safe to attach himself to the consideration of some one particular disease. If exclusive and particular attention be given to *one* malady, with the ambition of acquiring early fame by it, suspicion will arise that this physician’s mind is less comprehensive than is necessary to take in all the objects

within the horizon of science. Nor is it less impolitic and prejudicial in another point of view ; for if any one case turn out ill in the hands of such a person, his good name will be put into jeopardy immediately, on the conclusion (lame and impotent it may be) that if he could not cure a disease to which he had paid such extraordinary attention, how should he master another which had not duly engaged his mind ?

Nor must he addict himself to any particular system, nor swear by the opinions of any master. He must exercise his own judgment, and be ready to profit of occasions—‘ *scire uti foro*,’ according to the Roman proverb ; and to accommodate himself to circumstances as they arise, either by the adoption of a new treatment by new remedies, or by the use of accredited ones

in new and unusual doses, remembering another remark of that great master of human nature, Terence :—

‘ Nunquam ita quisquam bene subductâ ratione ad vitam  
fuit,

Quin res, ætas, usus, semper aliquid apportet novi,

Aliquid moneat : ut illa, quæ te scire credas, nescias :

Et, quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.’

ADELPHI, v. 4. 1.

He must be patient, he *should* be healthy, (for good health implies cheerfulness, and the best condition of the temper,) and disengaged from all other pursuits whatsoever. He ought to be kind, and strictly honourable to his associates. He should have a quick perception of propriety, a ready sense of the ‘ quod decet et decorum est ;’ and must not indulge in any peculiarity of humour or bad habit. If there be some vicious mole of nature in him, any thing which carries the stamp of one defect, (to adopt Hamlet’s

phrase,) he must do his best to correct this—

‘ His virtues, else,  
Be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man can undergo,  
Shall, in the general censure, take corruption  
From that particular fault.’—HAMLET.

He should possess a heart, though firm enough to encounter appalling scenes, yet full of sensibility and tenderness; one which shall respond quickly to the feelings of another, and so be likely to conciliate the sick man's confidence and attachment. Nor is this kind and tender feeling utterly incompatible with an unpolished manner. We have seen it united with a homely carriage, yet succeed in more than one memorable instance in our own time. But I would rather state it, that their powerful acquirements had made these estimable persons



succeed, *not by* a bad manner, but in spite of it. This it is important to impress upon your minds, lest some of you be misled by their examples, unwittingly, to be careless of your demeanour, the sole trait of these great departed characters unworthy of your imitation.

I am tempted here to add what Plato said of his master, Socrates ; that he was like the gallipots of the druggists, which had on the outside apes and owls and other grotesque figures, but contained within sovereign and precious balms ; acknowledging, that to an external report he was not without superficial levities and deformities, but was inwardly replenished with excellent virtues and powers. But this good feeling of which I have spoken, is necessary, not to the patient alone, but to those who are surrounding his sick bed. He himself may have

been rendered insensible, by the pressure of his disease, to the kindest offices of those who are attached to him : but they want the physician's balmy consolation to assuage the smart of their affliction ; and as his sympathy will have been manifested in moments of tenderness, the impression it makes will be remembered and acknowledged by future confidence and esteem.

Of his duty towards the family in making them acquainted with the patient's danger as soon as he himself shall perceive it, I have spoken on a former occasion ; and you heard me with so much attention, that I need not trespass on your patience by repeating my observations.

So much for the proper education and conduct of a physician ; and surely it will be allowed, that a person gifted with a good intellect, so chastised and enlightened, in-

creases the respectability of the profession generally, and creates a strong claim to the esteem of its members.

The point on which I presume to insist with most earnestness, is the necessity of a preliminary strict and virtuous education. Having been taught to search for truth, the mind is better prepared to look for it, and to find it. To embark in an undertaking which requires so much thought as the attempt to unravel the perplexities of disease, without having learned the first principles of reasoning, can lead only to empiricism, or the practising upon receipts; and when that profession is to be exercised in the very interior of domestic privacy, unless the bad propensities of our nature shall have been subdued, and kept under severe habitual control by moral discipline, there will be danger perpetually of bringing the

whole faculty into disrepute. Let these first principles be acquired carefully, and let the student's mind be taught to expand and enlarge itself by a knowledge of the wisdom of former ages. Let him converse with Plato, Aristotle, and Hippocrates, as Freind, and Mead, and Warren, and Heberden, and Sir George Baker did; and let reason and the moral sense, enlightened and strengthened by religion, have gained a firm ascendancy and rule over the passions. Let him be careful to adopt the sentiments and the manners of a gentleman, by preferring such associates as are distinguished by their elevation of mind, their sound principles, and their good manners. The latter have been classed amongst the minor virtues, and are better taught by example than by precept. It is indifferent to me where these acquisitions shall have been made, whether in our

own universities or in foreign schools ; for I am not so illiberal as to conclude that nothing Attic can be taught *without* the walls of Athens. I know, however, that in our own universities, good men are to be found, who are as incapable of an ignoble sentiment as of an unbecoming demeanour ; and that sound learning, such as will capacitate a man as well for the highest employments in the state as for the less ambitious pursuit of our useful profession, and the most efficient systems of moral discipline, are taught and practised. And if they must yield to the capital in the larger facilities afforded here of acquiring a familiarity with disease, and a knowledge of the practice of physic, be it so—their merit is not diminished by this consideration ; for when the appetite for the knowledge that is wanted has been sharpened by the air and whole-

some habits of the universities, if it do not find the food it desires there, it will migrate in search of it into whatever regions it is most likely to be found. Harvey went to Padua, Mead to Utrecht, Sir George Baker to Leyden: and those physicians of later times, who, fired by the light of these brilliant examples, have endeavoured to tread in their steps, have sought, after due preliminary study, their physic in the successive schools of celebrity, as they have been eminent in their turn; and so has there never been wanting a succession of learned and able men, who have been distinguished by their great attainments, and have added a dignity to our profession which has raised it pre-eminently in England above the consideration which it obtains in any other country in the world. *Esto perpetua!*

Here I ought to stop ; but it is impossible for me to allude to the discipline of an English university, without dwelling for a moment on the character of the eminent Chancellor of Oxford, who has been taken from us so recently by death ; and in whose life all the merits and advantages of that system of education were so conspicuously displayed.

Lord Grenville, though he was descended from a noble family which had served the country in successive generations of statesmen, yet laid the foundation of his own fame, as a minister, at Oxford. I dare not presume to speak of the gravity and wisdom which he brought to political councils, in the presence of those illustrious persons who were his associates in the cares of government, and who are, at the same time,

the most competent, as well as the most candid judges of his merit.

He had withdrawn himself many years from the rivalry of parties, and had sought his happiness in the bosom of his family, and his employment in a recourse to those studies by which he had distinguished himself in his early manhood. To value Lord Grenville as he deserved to be valued, it was necessary to know him in his interior and domestic life,—

‘ In his happier hour

Of social converse, ill exchanged for power.’—POPE.

Not that I would construe this expression in the exact sense in which the poet probably applied it to Walpole ; for the conviviality of Lord Grenville was chaste and temperate, and his discourse altogether intellectual, Tusculan. For his mind was fully imbued



with literature, which flowed in conversation as from an inexhaustible fountain; and a daily accumulation of classic lore precluded that tedium of life, which men long engaged in the business of the world are apt to feel so irksome and insupportable after they have retired to privacy. It was of an essential advantage to him, moreover, in his valetudinary health, and assisted his physician much in administering to him under illness; for, at every pause of his disorder, he resumed his books, which disengaged him from a gloomy contemplation of his symptoms, and restored, at once, his spirit and his cheerfulness.

Nor was he less interested in the cause of science, nor less disposed or alert to assist its votaries by his counsel, and by the influence of his high offices. A proof of this we have before us daily, in the magnificent

museum of the late Mr. Hunter, purchased for the public during his administration; and for which the friends of medical science and of natural history have never ceased to feel grateful to his colleagues now present, who assisted him in commending this great object to the munificence of Parliament.

No day passed heavily with Lord Grenville; his enjoyment of the beauties of Nature was exquisite, and he found their improvement by art a perpetual source of amusement and delight.

He was a scholar amongst scholars; an exemplary Christian in the midst of those whose duty and whose pleasure it is to encourage and confirm our faith in Christ.

His fondest wishes were for the prosperity of his country; his recreation, literature; and his comfort, religion.

## ESSAY XII.

### ON THE DEATHS OF SOME EMINENT PERSONS OF MODERN TIMES.

GENTLEMEN,

You heard me with so much patient attention when I read a paper lately on the deaths of some illustrious persons of antiquity, that I am tempted to solicit your indulgence this evening, whilst I give an account of the deaths of some eminent characters of modern times.

To begin, then, at the period when our College was first established and recognised, after the introduction of Grecian literature into England, by our founder, Linacre, in

the reign of King Henry VIII. That Prince, when he ascended the throne at the age of twenty, is said to have been one of the handsomest and most portly men of his time. In proof of his comely looks in his early manhood, I may refer you to Holbein's pictures of him at Windsor, and more especially to that whole-length portrait of him at Belvoir Castle; and as to his stature, I may argue from the remains of him which I have seen in his coffin, and from his favourite large arm-chair, which is still preserved in the corridor at Windsor Castle. As life advanced, however, he became corpulent, unwieldy, and gross in his habit, was covered with sores, and died of a dropsy at the age of fifty-six.

Henry's state of health, in the decline of his life, made him a great dabbler in physic, and the king not only offered medical advice

on all occasions which presented themselves, but made up the medicines himself, and administered them. We find in that curious magazine of materials for history, the British Museum, a volume containing a large collection of recipes for plasters, spasma draps, (dipped plasters,) ointments, waters, lotions, and decoctions, devised and made by the King himself and his physicians, applicable, perhaps, amongst other diseases, to that which had been imported, some twenty-five years before, from Naples; and in Sir Henry Ellis's most interesting collection of Original Letters, we read one from Sir Bryan Tuke to Cardinal Wolsey, giving an account of an interview with the King, in which his Majesty prescribed for Sir Bryan, and sent also some excellent instructions to Cardinal Wolsey how he might avoid the infection of the sweating sickness,

and how he should treat the disease should it attack him \*.

If the Cardinal had devoted some of the leisure which he could spare from the duties of his great offices to medical pursuits we should not have been surprised, recollecting that almost all the learning of the land was confined to the ecclesiastics at that time, and that it was the province of the bishops in their several dioceses to license medical men to practise physic, before that duty was assigned exclusively to the College of Physicians.

The Cardinal died of a broken heart, in

\* This singular malady prevailed five times epidemically in England, producing a great mortality here, and was imported originally, it should seem, by King Henry VIIIth's army, when it landed at Milford Haven. The best account of it is given by Dr. Kay, successor of Linacre, as President of this College, and founder of Caius College, in Cambridge.

fact, though the symptoms which afflicted him in the last days of his life were those of a dysentery.

It is impossible to read his secretary's (Mr. Cavendish) account of his life without being deeply interested in the fate of that great man, and without feeling assured that the calumnies heaped upon him so unsparingly, after he had lost the King's favour, and had been despoiled of all his property, without a judicial inquiry into his malversations, whatever they might be, were most grossly exaggerated. But we know how easy a topic it is to dwell upon the faults of departed greatness.

. . . . ' Sejanus duciter unco

Spectandus ; gaudent omnes ; quæ labra, quis illi  
Vultus erat ? nunquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi  
Hunc hominem.' . . . .

. . . . ' Sed quid

Turba Remi ?'

Human nature is always the same :

‘ Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit  
Damnatos ;’—

(JUVENAL, Sat. 10.)

and those who had watched ‘the sign to hate,’ in the words of the great moralist, now blackened the Cardinal with the most malignant reproaches and imputations. Hollingshed has it, and Shakspeare copies from Hollingshed, that ‘of his own body he was ill, and gave the clergy ill example ;’ and the 6th and 38th charges in the articles of impeachment preferred against him may have furnished this remark to the chronicler. But be it remembered that these charges were not only never proved, but were absolutely rejected by the House of Commons ; and that he was on his way to London to refute all these disgraceful calumnies, when



he was seized with dysentery, and died at Leicester.

It appears that the Earl of Shrewsbury, at whose house he had been entertained on his road from Yorkshire, seeing him low and dejected, and most anxious for an opportunity of justifying himself, had prevailed upon the king to send down Sir William Kingston, governor of the Tower, with a proper guard of honour, to conduct him to London. Sir William, in his humanity, encouraged the Cardinal to think better of his health than he was disposed to do, and spake cheeringly to him. The Cardinal replied, ‘Nay, in good sooth, Master Kingston, my disease is such that I cannot live; for I have had some experience in physic. Thus it is: I have a flux with a continued fever, the nature whereof is, that if there be no alteration of the same within eight days,

either must ensue excoriation of the entrails, or delirium, or else present death. And as I suppose this is the eighth day, and if ye see no alteration in me, there is no remedy. Death, which is the least of these three, must follow. Farewell! I can say no more, but wish, ere I die, all the king's affairs to have good success. My time draweth on fast; I may not tarry with you. But forget not what I have said and charged you withal: for when I am dead ye shall, peradventure, remember my words better.' Incontinent, the clock struck eight—

‘The very hour himself foretold should be his last.’

SHAKSPEARE.

The hour at which he knew, and had prophesied, he should die, he gave up the ghost, and thus departed this present life.

Mr. Cavendish remarks, that ‘whatsoever

any man hath conceived in him, whilst he lived, or since his death, thus much I dare be bold to say, without displeasure to any person, or of affection, that in my judgment, I never saw this realm in better obedience and quiet, than it was in the time of his rule and authority, nor justice better administered with indifferency.'

And as I have quoted Shakspeare to his disparagement, let me add from the same, and after the poet's example, what he has said to his credit.

' His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him :  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little ;  
And to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.'

King Edward VI. died of a disease of the lungs, in the sixteenth year of his age. He had had both the small-pox and measles in

the course of the preceding year, and the latter was followed by an obstinate cough, which, not yielding to the regular efforts of our art, his governor, the Earl of Northumberland, was induced to commit him to the care of an ignorant woman, who promised to cure him. After the use of her medicines, all the bad symptoms of his disease increased. He felt a difficulty of speech and breathing, his pulse failed, his legs swelled, his colour became livid, and he expired at Greenwich.

This king possessed an excellent understanding, and had made acquirements in learning beyond his years; so that he had become an object of tender affection to the whole nation. For his virtue and his piety kept pace with his extraordinary knowledge; but the powers of his body bore no proportion to the strength of his mind. Tacitus

said of Galba, ‘*Ingenium Galbæ male habitat;*’ and the young king presented an example of the influence of valetudinary health, in eliciting the best feelings of our nature, and chastening and solemnizing the mind. Of this effect I have seen many instances in the course of my professional experience, even in children; who having been debarred, by their want of strength, from the common amusements of their age, had acquired a power of reflection, and a gravity of thought, which are found but in the riper years only of those of more robust habits. The all-wise Providence, by thus enabling certain minds to attain an early maturity of intellect and of piety, seems to compensate them for the brevity of their earthly existence.

Mary, the elder daughter of King Henry VIII., inherited from Queen Catherine, her

mother, a weak constitution, and was always of feeble and unpromising health. When she arrived at mature age, the peculiarities of her sex were irregular and deficient ; for which were prescribed frequent bleedings and exercise on horseback. After her marriage with Philip of Spain, she referred this irregularity to pregnancy ; and died at last of dropsy. It appears in Sir Frederick Madden's introductory memoir to the privy purse of Queen Mary, that she was bled very frequently, and that fees were paid again, and again, and again, to the surgeon who bled her ; till at last she grew so pale, as to convey, even to unprofessional eyes, a conviction that she laboured under an internal organic disease ; in which, probably, the better practice of modern days, by chalybeates and aloetic medicines, would not have availed her Majesty more than the

repeated bleedings and horse-exercise had done.

Of the last sickness of Oliver Cromwell we have an excellent account by Dr. Bates, one of his physicians, in his 'Elenchus Motuum nuperorum in Angliâ.' He tells us that, after making his will, the next morning, early, Cromwell asked a young physician, who had sat up with him, why he looked so sad? and when answer was made, that so it became any one who had the weighty care of his life and health upon him—'Ye physicians,' said the Protector, think I shall die. I tell you I shall not die this time—I am sure of it. Do not think I am mad—I speak the words of truth upon surer grounds than your Galen or Hippocrates furnish you with—God Almighty himself hath given that answer not to my prayers alone, but to the prayers of

those who entertain a stricter commerce and greater interest with him. Go on cheerfully, banishing all sadness, and deal with me as you would with a serving-man.' He was then desired to take his rest, because he had not slept the greater part of the night, and this physician left him. But as he went out of the chamber he met another, to whom he said, 'I am afraid our patient is going to be light-headed.' 'Then,' replied the other, 'you are certainly a stranger in this house. Do you not know what was done last night? The chaplains, and all who are dear to God, being dispersed into several parts of the palace, have prayed to God for his health, and have brought this answer, *He shall recover.*' And under this confident expectation of recovery, the Protector consented to be removed from Hampton Court to London. On the following day his fever



returned with great violence. He grew first lethargic, then delirious, and after recovering a little, but not enough to give directions about public affairs, he died, September 3, 1658, (the anniversary of the battle of Dunbar,) somewhat more than fifty-nine years old.

Dr. Bates adds the following account of the examination of the body of Cromwell after death, which explains sufficiently the symptoms which were observed in the progress of his disease. ‘In the animal parts, the brain seemed to be overcharged; in the vitals, the lungs a little inflamed; but in the natural, the source of the distemper appeared, the spleen, though sound to the eye, being a mass of disease, and filled with matter like the lees of oil: *Liene, licet ad adspectum sano, intus tamen tabo instar amurcæ referto.*’

It is difficult to read the history of this period without entertaining a strong suspicion that Cromwell used those solemn aspirations, that affected intercourse with the Almighty, hypocritically, and with political views. The Searcher of all hearts knows whether I judge him too severely. The above relation is a specimen of enthusiasm which, Archbishop Tillotson has remarked, superseded hypocrisy with Cromwell. But how and by what means he imposed upon himself a belief that he really did receive communications from above, the philosopher must explain. When we meet with such allegations in our professional intercourse with the world in modern days, and find them influence the conduct of the enthusiast, we think ourselves justified in applying to the Lord Chancellor for a ‘*writ de lunatico inquirendo*.’ But fanaticism was

the vice of the time, and half the nation were enthusiasts during the prevalence of the Solemn League and Covenant. ‘Defendit numerus;’ and nothing could stem the contagion, until the good sense of the kingdom was awakened, and produced, at length, a more sane and rational conduct.

Of the illness which led to the death of King Charles II., we have a report drawn up by Sir Charles Scarborough, the king’s first physician, in very good Latin, deposited in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries.

It appears that the king had just risen from his bed, at eight in the morning, when he felt an unusual sensation in his head. Shortly after complaining of this he fell down speechless, and without the power of motion. A medical gentleman of the army happened to be waiting in the next room to

assist his Majesty in making some experiments for the fixing of mercury, who most properly thought himself justified in taking away sixteen ounces of blood, even before he had summoned the king's physicians. When they arrived, they commended his decision, and followed up the first step by cupping his Majesty to eight or ten ounces more. They ordered, moreover, an antimonial emetic, (but little of which could be got down,) a powerful purgative, and clysters. These expedients producing little or no effect, a blister was applied to the king's head, and other remedies were prescribed to which we have recourse in modern practice. But all in vain. The king lingered four days, during which it is palpable, from the prescriptions, that not only no improvement took place, but every thing proceeded from bad to worse, from hour to hour, until

his Majesty expired, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

His brother and successor, the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., ‘*summa in regem pietate, et plusquam fraterno amore affectus,*’ as the narrative states, watched the symptoms most anxiously, and hardly ever left the sick-room, ‘*ut omnibus constiterit maluisse ipsum charissimi fratris consortio perfrui quam sceptro.*’

Had there been safety in a multitude of counsellors, the king’s life must have been preserved, for I perceive the signatures of not less than fourteen physicians to one of the prescriptions, amongst whom were Sir Charles Scarborough, Doctors Lower, Charlton, Millington, Wytherly, and others, with whose portraits you are familiar in the room below, and who have left you an ample inheritance of fame.

Their *materia medica* seems to resemble much that in use at this time of day, save that we have improved upon the *spiritus cranii humani*, twenty-five drops of which were ordered in a cordial julep, ‘*ad refocillandas regis vires*,’ (when his Majesty was sinking,) by substituting for this bad and disgusting *sal volatile*, a more effectual preparation of the stag’s horn. This calls to my recollection an original prescription, which was shown me, in which a portion of the *cranium humanum* was ordered in a powder for Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, in the time of the Protectorate. It was found on a file of prescriptions dug out of the ruins of a house in Duke-street, Westminster, said to have been inhabited by Oliver Cromwell’s apothecary.

On examining the king’s body after death, the blood-vessels of the brain were found

still turgid with blood, and a large effusion of lymph in the ventricles, and at the base of the brain. This latter would be the consequence of pressure and interruption in the circulation, and it is probable that the king might have been bled further still with advantage. Indeed, the only direct relief in apoplexy is to be obtained by unloading the overgorged vessels; and my experience justifies me in stating that if large depletion be not made in the first instance of the attack, every thing else attempted afterwards will be in vain. There was an adhesion of the lungs to the pleura on the right side of the chest, the effect of a former inflammation. The heart was sound and robust, and nothing wrong was observed in the abdomen, save that *hepatis color ad lividitatem inclinaret, fortè a sanguinis ibi restitantis*

pleonasmō, quo renes et lien cernebantur suffarcinati.

The case is a fair specimen of apoplexy ; and I cannot help wondering at Bishop Burnet's attributing the king's indifference to all the solicitations made to him respecting religious offices to any thing but the plain, obvious reason—an insensibility and stupefaction from disease. The bishop says, ‘ He went through the agonies of death with a calm and a constancy which amazed all who were about him, and knew how he had lived. This induced some to conclude that he had made a will, and that his quiet was the effect of that. Kenn, one of the bishops, applied himself much to the awakening of the king's conscience. He spake with a great elevation both of thought and expression, like a man inspired, as those



who were present told me. He resumed the matter often, and pronounced many short ejaculations and prayers, which affected all that were present, excepting him who was the most concerned, who seemed to take no notice of him, and made no answer to him.'

How should he, under an astounding fit of apoplexy? On the other side, his brother James, a zealous Roman Catholic, was equally solicitous that the king should receive the offices of the church to which he had attached himself, and should give proofs of his dying in the Roman Catholic faith. But the king was incapable of discriminating altogether, under his circumstances. Every faculty of his mind was gone. If he were a Protestant, therefore, before he was taken ill, he died a Protestant. If he had already renounced the religion of his father, he died a Roman Catholic. I presume not to say

more than that no inference could be drawn safely of any thing that implied the exercise of judgment at that late hour, under so overwhelming a seizure ; and that the contest of the two parties for a triumph was as vain and unprofitable as the fight of the Grecians and Trojans for the dead body of Patroclus—

ᾠς οἷγ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νέκυν ὀλίγη ἐνὶ χώρῃ  
 Εἴλκεον ἀμφοτέρουι. HOMER. IL. P.

King William III., Prince of Orange, had a thin, weak person, was asthmatic at an early period of his life, and had a constant, deep cough. A short time before his death he had a fall from his horse in Hampton Court Park, by which he broke his collar-bone. After this, his Majesty experienced three or four paroxysms of fever, preceded by shiverings, and died at length of an enormous secretion of purulent mucus, which

embarrassed and finally prevented respiration altogether, in the fifty-second year of his age.

When his body was opened, though his legs had swollen considerably, there was no water in his chest; but the lungs had adhered to the pleura, and the fall had detached a considerable portion of the adhering substance, which occasioned inflammation, suppuration, and death. His Queen, Mary, was one of the best Princesses of her time, and died of the small-pox in the thirty-third year of her age. The small-pox had raged in London with great violence, and had carried off many thousands in that winter. Bishop Burnet says, 'that the physician's part was universally condemned, and her death was imputed to the negligence or unskilfulness of Dr. Radcliffe. He was called for, and it appeared

but too evident that his opinion was chiefly considered, and was most depended upon. Other physicians were afterwards sent for, but not until it was too late.'

I wish the bishop had not indulged himself in this severe censure. Radcliffe's fame for discernment and resource has been transmitted down to us upon an authority too good to be disparaged by such an unprofessional judgment. The bishop states somewhere, in his history, that Marshal Schomberg advised him never to give an opinion upon a military subject; and I wish he had received similar counsel from a physician, and had abstained from remarking on medical affairs. But I cannot allow myself to reproach Bishop Burnet. He has done so much for morality and religion, by his lives and his address to posterity, that I can never cease to read him with respectful

attention and pleasure. But what is my poor praise to you who recollect that Dr. Johnson has said of the bishop's life of the Earl of Rochester, that the critic should read it for its elegance, the philosopher for its argument, and the saint for its piety?

Let me now call your attention to the death of Dryden; who afforded a case, as it seems to me, of that ossification of the arteries of the extremities which sometimes produces mortification in persons of advanced life. Dryden's health had frequently been interrupted by attacks of the gout and of gravel, and latterly by erysipelas in his legs. To a shattered frame and a corpulent habit, the most trifling causes of indisposition are often fatal. A slight inflammation attacked his toe. This became a gangrene. Mr. Hobbes, his surgeon, proposed to amputate it. But Dryden refused

the chance of prolonging life by a painful and a doubtful operation. After a pause, the catastrophe expected by the surgeon took place, and Dryden expired on the 1st of May, 1700, having, to adopt the words of Sir Walter Scott, taken leave of his friends in so tender and obliging a manner, as no man but himself could have expressed.

His relations had prepared themselves to convey him to the grave, with as much decent pomp as their circumstances would allow; but Mr. Charles Montague and Lord Jeffreys insisted upon making a subscription for a public funeral. The body was carried immediately to the College of Physicians, where it lay in state for ten days, and, after a funeral oration in Latin had been pronounced over it by his friend Dr. Garth, it was conveyed from the College, with great ceremony, to Westminster Abbey,

where it was interred between the graves of Chaucer and of Cowley.

Of the illness which terminated the life of Addison,—of him

‘ Who taught us how to live, and oh ! too high  
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die ’—

I should have been glad to give you a similar short account. But my materials are not sufficiently authentic, to justify me in laying them before you. I must leave Mr. Addison, therefore, to an abler pen, or to a future day.

On the disease which occasioned Dean Swift to expire ‘ a driveller and a show,’ I wish to be somewhat explicit, because his constitutional malady affected not his life and his happiness only, but his intellect and his moral character ; and I must throw myself on your candour to excuse me if I

presume to differ in opinion with Sir George Baker and Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Swift*, is ‘at a loss to explain by what depravity of intellect he took delight in revolving ideas from which almost every other mind shrinks with disgust.’ And he remarks further, ‘that his asperity continually increasing, condemned him to solitude, and his resentment of solitude sharpened his asperity.’

Sir George Baker, in that beautiful essay, ‘*De Affectibus Animi, et Morbis inde oriundis*,’ illustrates the effect of melancholy on the body, by the case of Dean Swift, of whom he says, ‘*Hujusce rei grave nuper exemplum præbuit vir magni in primis, et præstantis ingenii. Is postquam Hiberniam suam poesi leporibusque Atticis, et eloquio ornaverāt, dolens usque parem meritis non respondisse favorem et observantiam, pari-*



terque amicis, inimicis et sibi iratus, tandem in exilem hominis imaginem et meram quasi umbram extenuatus est. Cum autem propè actâ jam et decursâ ætate, præ tantâ morum asperitate, et immanitate naturæ, mens illi subversa esset, et ingenium illud excelsum, sublime, eruditum turpissimè deliraret; illicò animatum senis, sibi superstitis cadaver nutriri cœpit et pinguescere, ab hospite tam inquieto liberatum.'

Now I believe this irritability was bodily disease, and so far from considering the unsocial and untoward mind as influencing the body to its detriment, I would contend that the corporeal distemper was the cause of the perverse and unhappy state of the mind; that Swift's irritability was of that peculiar nature which accompanies palsy, the seat of which generally is in the brain. Swift was

in the habit of suffering severe attacks of headach, and of dizziness and occasional deafness when young—even so early in his life as during his sojournment with Sir William Temple. In process of time, there ensued that plethoric state of the vessels of the brain, which required frequent cupping; and at length the obstruction became so great as to occasion an effusion of water into the ventricles, and the loss of his faculties by apoplectic pressure. This appeared on examination of the head after death. No doubt this effusion had been preceded by inflammation of the membranes of the brain and by phrenzy. Under these attacks of inflammation and phrenzy, he dealt forth his angry denunciations largely, and probably it was in one of these unhappy moments that he composed the epitaph so in-

judiciously inscribed on his tombstone in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

‘ Hic depositum est corpus  
Jonathani Swift, S. T. P.,  
Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Decani,  
Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit ;  
Abi, Viator, et imitare,  
Si poteris,  
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.’

I offer this explanation in the spirit of charity, in order to correct a misapprehension of Swift's nature ; and to induce you, when you meet with such extraordinary irritability of mind, to suspect that there is some fault in the circulation within the brain ; and to endeavour to succour it by expedients calculated to repress phrenetic excitement.

King George I. died of apoplexy in his carriage, just before he reached Osnaburgh, on his way to Hanover.

King George II. died of a rupture of the right ventricle of the heart. His Majesty had walked round Kensington Gardens, as was his custom, at an early hour of the morning, on the 25th of October, and went to his water-closet, on his return to the palace. According to the report of the pages then in waiting, a noise was heard somewhere, as if a huge billet had fallen down; and upon inquiry the King was found on the floor speechless, and without the power of motion, with a slight contused wound on his right temple. He appeared to have just left his closet, and to be about to open his *escrutoire*. Mr. Andrews, at that time surgeon to the household, attempted to take away some blood, but in vain—the King was dead.

Upon opening the chest, the pericardium was found distended, with nearly a pint of

coagulated blood, and on removing this, a round orifice appeared in the middle of the upper side of the right ventricle, large enough to admit the extremity of the little finger. Through this orifice all the blood had been discharged.

In the trunk of the aorta was found a transverse fissure on its inner side, about an inch and a half long, through which some blood had recently passed under its external coat, and formed an elevated ecchymosis.

The King had for some years often complained of distresses and sinkings about the region of the heart, and as his Majesty's pulse was observed latterly to fail very much upon bleeding, it was not doubted that the distension of the aorta had been of long standing. The immediate occasion, however, of the rupture of the ventricle was

the effort of straining which his Majesty had just made in his closet.

Before the malady, which terminated only with the life of King George III., I would draw a veil, and not pause a moment even to express my regret that the mysterious wisdom of the Almighty saw it proper to afflict this just and pious sovereign with the loss of his reason.

His Majesty had always looked upon his previous visitations of this dreadful calamity as trials of his faith and obedience. And one of his very latest hours of rational life was employed in dictating a letter to the Princess Amelia, which he directed in my presence, and committed to my charge, to express his satisfaction that she had received the Holy Sacrament that morning, and had sought for comfort under her sufferings,

where only it could be found, in religion. The princess died two days afterwards, and the king was bereft of his reason. But ‘he is in peace.’

A kindred spirit to that of King George III. has lately left us, and has been received, we humbly hope, into the mansions of the blessed.

The Duke of Gloucester’s disease was seated in the liver, and involved the stomach in so much irritability, as incapacitated it for receiving the smallest supply of nourishment. His powers failed, therefore, and were unequal to the completion of those processes by which his enfeebled constitution attempted, in vain, to disengage itself from the malady, and to terminate it.

As the brain was not affected, his mind was left at liberty to indulge its natural propensity to look into futurity, and to an-

ticipate the fatal issue of the struggle of the body with the disease.

With a hope then full of immortality, and with an entire confidence in the promises of the gospel, the duke easily detached himself from this world, and *desired* to begin the life to come. Never, in all my converse with the dying, did I remark more calm resignation, or a warmer piety. The pain of separation was theirs only who hung over his sick bed, to every one of whom, and to those also who were dear to him at a distance, he bequeathed his blessing, leaving to us all the *rich inheritance of his example*.

Upon the Duke of Gloucester's merit as a soldier, it becomes not me to descant; but as a specimen of that bravery which belongs so remarkably to the House of Brunswick, I have it from the highest authority, that, when the brigade which he commanded in



Holland, in the Revolutionary war, was drawn up before the enemy, and could not restrain its fire until it might be given with the best effect, the Duke, that he might prevent it, stepped forth before his soldiers, and interposing himself between his own troops and the enemy, walked deliberately between the two armies.

Of his conduct in civil life, let the University of Cambridge bear testimony to the prudence and to the spirit with which he defended its privileges in Parliament as its Chancellor. His memory will be cherished by that learned body long, I am persuaded, and with a most respectful attachment.

His private virtues, which gave a dignity and a grace to his interior and domestic habits, were manifested by the steadiness of his personal friendships, by his humane care

of the poor in the neighbourhood of his residence, and by his patronage and protection of a thousand charitable institutions; and were recognised and assured by the manner of his departure from life: for, in the spirit of his prayers, ‘he died the death of the righteous, and his last end was like theirs.’

I will now thank you, Gentlemen, most respectfully for your attention, and only entreat you to read history, not with that total disbelief of it which Sir Robert Walpole is said to have expressed when a volume of history was offered him for his amusement, after his retirement from public life, but with some mistrust and reserve, recollecting how difficult it is to develope the motives of human conduct; how easily the spirit of party insinuates itself into the historian’s mind, and colours his narrative; and how almost

impossible it is for an unprofessional writer to appreciate fully the effect of diseases of the body upon the minds and actions of men.



## ESSAY XIII.

ON THE DEATHS OF SOME EMINENT PHILOSOPHERS OF MODERN TIMES.

GENTLEMEN,

IN order to interest your attention this evening, I shall repair again to that vast mausoleum of mortality which modern times have accumulated, and select from the mass of eminent persons dead within the last two centuries, some of the Philosophers of this country, who have carried the distinguishing prerogative of man—his reason—to a greater extent than their contemporaries, and have made their researches subservient, not to an increase of our knowledge only, but of our happiness also, by bearing disinterested testimony to the truths of our

holy religion. Disinterested did I say?—Not that I intend to disparage the assurances of those whose pleasure and whose office it is to confirm our faith in Christ; for though I mean to confine myself to recalling to your minds the deaths of Lord Bacon, Mr. Boyle, Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Locke, Mr. Addison, Sir William Jones, and Dr. Johnson, I could dwell with equal pleasure on the names of Jeremy Taylor, Isaac Barrow, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishops Berkeley and Butler, Archdeacon Paley, and a host of divines, whose powers of reasoning were not less remarkable than those of these philosophers. But human nature is wayward, and is often disposed to receive with greater favour evidence which is voluntary than that which is proffered from a sense of duty.

Lord Bacon, in the indulgence of his

fancy, conceived a notion, whilst taking an airing in the winter, that snow would preserve animal matter from corruption, and bought a hen with which he might make the experiment immediately. As soon as the fowl had been disentrained, he filled it with snow, and deposited it in a large snow-ball. By this operation he was chilled, but nevertheless continued his airing until he became so ill as to be obliged to stop at the house of Lord Arundel at Highgate, where he desired to be put to bed. He died of an inflammation of the lungs there, in a week afterwards, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

It may be presumed that the state of his mind gave the disease a great advantage over him. The degradation which he had suffered by the king and Parliament—I dare not say unjustly, though I cannot conceive

that his morality was of that Spartan kind which made the crime consist in allowing it to be detected, or of that Venetian character, in later days, whose best conscience was, according to the poet, not to leave undone but to keep unknown; — but the humiliation had broken his spirit; and although his punishment had been remitted by the same authorities, no doubt that such dilapidation of frame, as care and sleepless nights were sure to give rise to, facilitated that dissolution which might not otherwise have taken place for years.

To the learning and philosophy of Lord Bacon his posterity has done ample justice. The reasoning by induction, first and exclusively propounded by him as applicable to natural philosophy, is now the only mode of reasoning held to be legitimate in physics; and his writings abound so much in imagery



and good sense, as well as knowledge, that it is difficult to lay down the book when once one has taken it up. His disquisitions upon ecclesiastical polity are so luminous and just, and his proposals for simplifying the law so intelligible and practical, that if we may judge by what has lately been done by the wisdom of Parliament, they must have furnished the model for its recent improvements. But his piety is poured forth in such strains of simplicity and beauty, that I must quote one specimen of it from an address which he was accustomed to utter in his devotions :—

‘I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary ; thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures much more ; I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens, but I have found thee in thy temples.’

To Lord Bacon's genius succeeded a kindred spirit, the ornament and glory of his age, the Hon. Robert Boyle, who was born on the day on which Lord Bacon died. He was of a very delicate habit, and so pale and thin as made it appear wonderful to his friends of the Royal Society, then lately established, that he was able to occupy himself, so laboriously as he did, in making the numerous experiments which were required in his investigations. Nevertheless he lived to sixty-five years of age, and died exhausted and worn out by natural decay, rather than by any notable, well-characterized disease, though it is not improbable, from such details as have reached us, that it was the climacteric malady which destroyed him.

With some of Mr. Boyle's works we are all acquainted. Boerhaave, who ought to

be authority with physicians, said, ‘ Which of Mr. Boyle’s writings shall I recommend to you? All of them—to him we owe the secrets of fire, air, water, animals, vegetables, fossils; so that from his works may be deduced the whole system of natural knowledge.’ He did, indeed,

‘ Look through Nature, up to Nature’s God.’

And to the accomplishments of the scholar and philosopher, he added the most exalted piety, and the purest sanctity of manners; and the end and aim of all his inquiries into nature was to do honour to its great Maker\*.

Sir Isaac Newton was born so puny and

\* As a proof of Mr. Boyle’s zeal for the Christian religion, we may mention his foundation for lectures in defence of the Gospel against infidels of all sorts, the effects of which have been so conspicuous in the many volumes of excellent discourses which have been published in consequence of that noble and pious foundation.

sickly a child, that his mother thought he could not live many days. Yet his life was protracted to eighty-four years. Does this appear marvellous to any of you? Let him recollect that it is probable extraordinary care was thrown around this diminutive helplessness; that close attention to all the imperfections of its tender frame would be continued to the period of its complete developement; that such habitual watchfulness over all its movements would, at length, render its life more secure than that of a robust habit, which might, by negligence, be surprised into danger and death. The uncertainty of human life, of which we all complain, is rendered more uncertain by our own improvidence and inattention, and by a misuse of our strength, which, under certain indispositions, allies itself with disease, and aids it in the destruction of the vital spirit.

This is most observable in inflammations, and in apoplexies. The natural abundance of blood, if circulated quietly, constitutes health, but in the slightest excess and hurry becomes a dangerous plethora.

Sir Isaac died at last of the stone. This evil did not manifest itself until a very short time before his death. He had taken a house at Kensington, in hopes of remedying a slight embarrassment in his breathing, and having occasion to come to town to attend a council of the Royal Society, he suffered torments the next day, which never ceased till they had destroyed him. Dr. Mead and Mr. Cheselden, who were called to him, were of opinion that the stone had been imbedded in the substance of the bladder, and was moved from its quiet position by the jolting of the carriage. Whatever had occasioned his distress, Sir Isaac never

betrayed an impatient feeling, but was entirely resigned to the will of the Almighty, and sought and found comfort, not in his philosophy; not in the fame of his optical experiments, and of the demonstration of the planetary orbits from the principle of gravity, for he knew that—

‘Nec quicquam tibi prodest,  
Aerias tentasse domos, animoque rotundum  
Percurrisse polum, morituro.’\*—HOR.

No, but in contemplating the benevolence and mercy of God, and in a humble hope of the intercession of His Son.

It is recorded in his epitaph, that he asserted in his philosophy the majesty of God, and exhibited in his conduct the simplicity of the Gospel†. And a philosopher

\* Vid. Od. ad Archytam, Lib. i. Ode 28.

† ‘Dei Opt. Max. Majestatem philosophia assensit  
Evangelii simplicitatem moribus expressit.’

See *Epitaph*.

of high credit of modern days has remarked that it is one of the proudest triumphs of the Christian faith, that he who, among all the individuals of his species, possessed the highest intellectual powers, was not only a learned and profound divine, but a firm believer in the great doctrines of religion.

I should be glad to assist in refuting the allegation made originally, I believe, by Huygens, a foreigner, upon the authority of a letter from a young man at Cambridge, and lately repeated by a most respectable periodical publication \*, of Sir Isaac Newton's having been insane. It was said that he had suffered a severe mental emotion by the loss of his papers, containing calculations which it had cost him the labour of many years to make. A candle had been left in-

\* See Foreign Quarterly Review of Mons. Biot's Life of Sir I. Newton.

cautiously upon the table on which these papers lay, and a favourite little spaniel having overturned the candle, had set fire to them, and burnt them, and this occasioned a temporary loss of his reason.

I confess I am not satisfied that, whatever degree of disappointment and vexation such an accident might occasion, the result amounted to insanity. It is the business of those who make such a charge to substantiate it by proof. Accordingly, a letter of Sir Isaac's to Mr. Locke has been called up amongst the arguments in proof of the derangement of the author's mind. The letter manifests, indeed, a great deal of irritation, such as intense thought upon an abstruse subject, long continued, without the intervention and refreshment of sleep, might occasion; but a subsequent one, written a fortnight afterwards, apologizes for the rude-



ness and discourtesy of the former, and refers it to his not having slept for an hour together any night, and for five successive nights, not a wink. Mr. Locke's reply to this does not convey the slightest suspicion that he entertained such a notion, and is written with so tender and unaffected a veneration for the good, as well as great qualities of the excellent person to whom it is addressed, as demonstrates at once, the conscious integrity of the writer, and the superiority of his mind to the irritation of little passions. On Mr. Locke's construction, therefore, of Sir Isaac's letter, and on the view which so good a judge of mind as Mr. Locke took of the state of Sir Isaac's faculties, I rest the decision of this question.

What I have now said of Mr. Locke may, perhaps, incline you to desire to hear more of this great man. Besides, he was one of

you, for he took his degree of M.B. at Christ Church, Oxford, when he had been a Westminster student, and owed his first introduction to the world to having administered to the health of the Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, who had come to Oxford for the purpose of consulting Dr. Thomas, an eminent physician there. The doctor, being called out of town, requested Mr. Locke to attend his Lordship till his return. This was the foundation of an intimacy between Mr. Locke and his patient ever afterwards.

I may remind you, moreover, that by the kindness of the late Lord King, a paper was read here, in the year 1829, containing the details of a case of *tic douloureux* in the person of the Countess of Northumberland, at Paris, treated by Mr. Locke; and we have also the testimony of Sydenham to Mr.

Locke's medical knowledge, who says,—  
'Nosti præterea quam huic meæ methodo  
suffragantem habeam, qui intimius per omnia  
perspexerat, utrique nostrum conjunctissi-  
mum Dominum Joannem Locke, quo qui-  
dem viro, sive ingenio judicioque acri et  
subacto, sive etiam antiquis, hoc est, optimis  
moribus, vix superiorem quemquam inter  
eos qui nunc sunt homines repertum iri con-  
fido, paucissimos certè pares.'

Locke, then, was a physician; and who  
amongst you does not feel a pleasure in re-  
membering that the honourable profession  
to which he has attached himself was the  
profession to which Mr. Locke applied the  
powers of his great mind? And why should  
we not all take pride in the observation of  
that eminent scholar and statesman, the late  
Lord Grenville, that 'from the very first  
dawn of reviving letters to the present mo-

ment, there never has been a period, in this country, when the masters of medicine amongst us have not made manifest the happy influence of that pursuit on the cultivation of all the other branches of philosophy.\*

Mr. Locke's health was always delicate, and he was subject to attacks of asthma, which sometimes compelled him to go abroad in search of a less fickle atmosphere than that of his own country. He lived, however, to seventy-three years of age, and died on the 28th of October, 1704, at the house of Sir Francis Masham, at Oates, in Surrey, where he had been domesticated any time within the last fourteen years of his life. He was perfectly aware, it seems, that his days were numbered, and was well prepared

\* See 'Oxford and Locke,' a pamphlet by Lord Grenville; 1829.

for the awful moment of separation from this world. We have, from the authority of Lady Masham herself, the best account of the last hours of his life. Having desired that he might be remembered at evening prayers, she asked him if he had any objection to the domestics of the family attending the service in his chamber?—to which he replied, that he had none. When prayers were over, he gave some orders with great serenity of mind; and an occasion offering of speaking of the goodness of God, he especially extolled the love which God showed to man in justifying him by faith in Jesus Christ. He returned Him thanks in particular for having called him to the knowledge of that Divine Saviour; he exhorted all about him to read the Holy Scriptures attentively, and to apply themselves sincerely to the practice of all their

duties ; adding, expressly, that by these means they would be more happy in this world, and secure to themselves the possession of eternal felicity hereafter. He passed the whole night without sleep, and desired, next day, to be carried into his closet, where, after dozing a little, he ceased to breathe about three in the afternoon, without any indication of pain or suffering.

Mr. Addison died, at the age of forty-seven, of dropsy, brought on, probably, by a disease of the liver. The habits of life of the higher orders of society, in Mr. Addison's time, were less cautious, less compatible with health, than they are at present. In proof of this, we may notice the greater comparative longevity at the beginning of this century than was found at the commencement of the last. The Northampton

Tables, which were published in the middle of the eighteenth century, give only four as the average number of those who had arrived at a hundred years of age and upwards out of a million ; whereas the population returns of 1821 and 1832, give twenty-six as the average number of those who had reached a hundred and upwards out of a million. Habitual suppers, and more wine drunk after dinner and after supper, contributed something to the formation of diseases which shortened life ; and where these potations were indulged in by literary men, who took no exercise, it is probable that their effect was still more pernicious. Pope has given us a detail of Addison's familiar day, by which it appears that he studied all morning, then dined at a tavern, and went afterwards to Button's ; from the coffee-house

he went again to the tavern, where he often sat late, and drank too much wine.

But these nocturnal symposia, however protracted and unwholesome, did not prevent nor retard those effusions of graceful humour which the next morning's study produced; nor was there reason, we hope, for remorse, which is sure to accompany the slightest admixture of depravity with an inveterate habit. Accordingly, when the hour of his dissolution approached, he sent for his son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, that he might see in what peace a Christian could die!

As a describer of life and manners, Dr. Johnson observes, that Addison must be allowed to stand the first of the foremost rank; and it is his peculiar merit to have made his wit subservient to virtue. All the



enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest—the care of pleasing the Author of his being.

Sir William Jones, after a protracted evening walk in an unwholesome quarter in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, was seized with a shivering fit, which was followed by fever, and by symptoms of an abscess in the liver, a common disease in Bengal, and died on the ninth day of his illness, in the forty-seventh year of his age. It is difficult to withhold an expression of one's wonder at the extent of knowledge he had acquired in languages, arts, and sciences in the course of so short a life. His acquaintance with Grecian literature was extensive and profound; and in the modern dialects of Europe—French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German—he was thoroughly convers-

ant. The language of Constantinople also was familiar to him; and of the Chinese character and tongue he had learned enough to enable him to translate an ode of Confucius. His skill in the idioms of India, Persia, and Arabia, has perhaps never been surpassed by any European; and his compositions on Oriental subjects display a taste which we seldom find in the writings of those who had preceded him in these tracts of literature.

In his eighth anniversary discourse to the Asiatic Society, he remarks that theological inquiries are no part of the subject he was then discussing; but he could not refrain from adding that the collection of tracts which, from their excellency, we call "The Scriptures," contain, independently of a divine origin, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more im-

portant history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all other books that were ever composed in any age or in any idiom. The two parts, of which the Scriptures consist, are connected by a chain of compositions which bear no resemblance in form or style to any that can be produced from the stores of Grecian, Indian, Persian, or even Arabian learning : the antiquity of these compositions no man doubts ; and the unstrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication, is a solid ground of belief that they were genuine productions, and consequently inspired.

Of Doctor Johnson it will be much more difficult to say too little than too much. The very interesting book of his life is to be found upon every gentleman's table, and

with his works many of you are better acquainted, perhaps, than I am. He died of dropsy brought on by repeated asthmatic attacks, which had annoyed him many years, and had often driven him from the pure air of Streatham, where he spent a good deal of time by the friendship of Mr. Thrale, into the solitude and closeness of Bolt Court, Fleet Street, in which he found his respiration more easy than anywhere else. So much for the caprice of asthma, of which my experience has furnished me with many instances.

I remember a gentleman subject to fits of asthma, who built himself a house in an elevated beautiful situation in Surrey, and whilst it was building, lived in a cottage in a valley beneath it. The first night he attempted to sleep in his new residence, he suffered so much from distress in his breath-

ing, that he returned to the cottage, intending to make a second experiment, under better auspices, he hoped, when he should have recovered from his late suffering and alarm. The same experiment was made again and again with the same unhappy consequences, until at length he was obliged to abandon his new abode entirely, and to dispose of it.

Another example occurs to my recollection, in the person of a patient who consulted Sir George Baker, as well as myself, upon an asthma which had distressed him grievously. We advised him to travel, as it was in his power to do so, in search of an air that would suit him; and wherever he should find it, there to fix his residence, for some time at least. In the course of his travels he arrived at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, where he breathed with unusual comfort.

After a sojournment of three weeks at Lyme, he was able to walk up a considerable hill out of the town, at a quick pace.

Dr. Johnson was born of a melancholic temperament, and of a scrofulous habit. Such a constitution of mind and body would render a man prone to act upon impulses, and to disclose one of the characteristic symptoms of insanity; particularly if he did not entertain a strong religious principle, which might be ready to interpose between the purpose and the deed, and to arrest violence, until reason, in abeyance for a while, should recover its proper authority and sway. Dr. Johnson had this religious principle in its most lively vigour, and a power of reasoning also, beyond that of most men of his time. From dejection of spirits he found relief in society, and it was as happy for his associates and for the

world at large, as for himself, that he sought it there ; for his powers of conversation were extraordinary, and furnished inexhaustible instruction to those who listened to him. And there is scarcely a writer, whose profession was not divinity, that has so frequently testified his belief of the sacred writings, has appealed to them with such unbounded submission, or mentioned them with such unvaried reverence.

Thus have I laid before you an account of the deaths of some of the most eminent philosophers of the two last centuries, in this country ; and it cannot have escaped your observation, that in giving also their religious sentiments, I had it in view to bring to your recollection such their invaluable testimony to the truth of the Gospel. I know that, in matters of eternal concern, the authority of the highest human

opinions has no claim to be admitted as a sufficient ground of belief. It is every man's duty to weigh well, and to consider for himself the reasons of his faith. But it cannot fail to encourage, and to confirm his own conclusions to know that these, the best, the wisest, the most learned of mankind, who devoted much of their time to the study of the Holy Scriptures, arrived at the same results. Bishop Horsley has observed that the man of science and speculation, the more his knowledge enlarges, loses his attachment to a principle to which the barbarian steadily adheres, that of measuring the probability of strange facts by his own experience.

And shall physicians want these subjects of speculation, to encourage their hopes, and to enlarge their faith in the promises of the Gospel? Might not Mr. Locke have

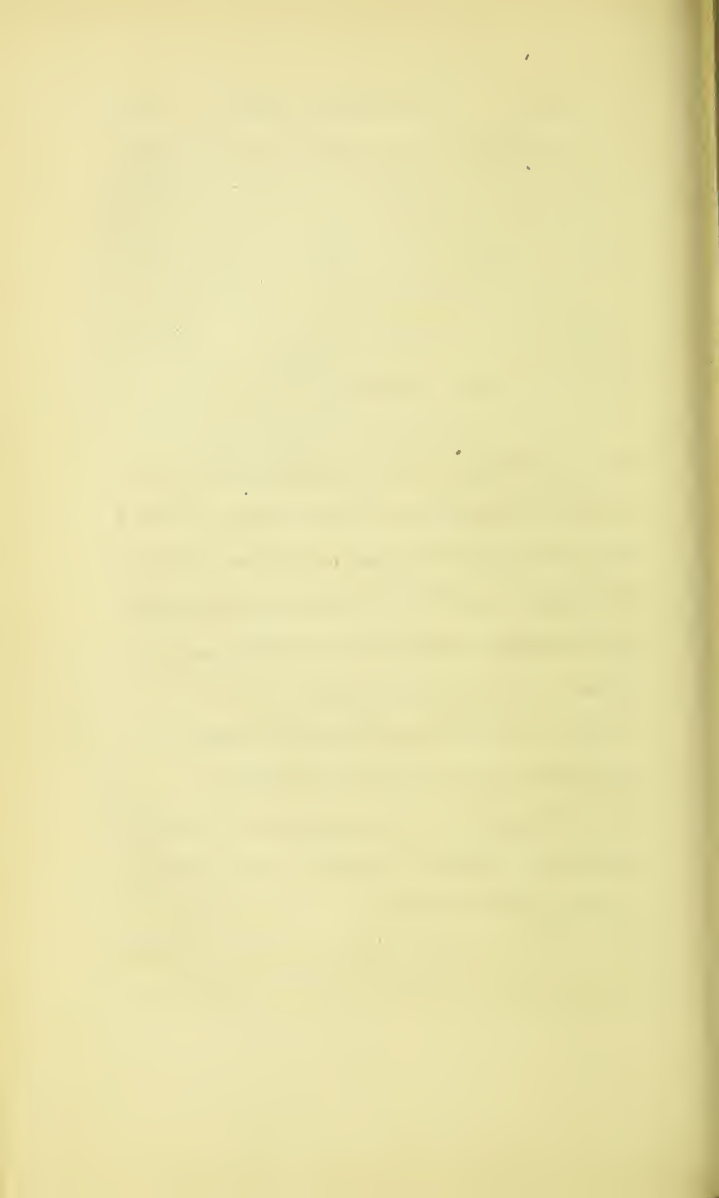


been led to his lofty contemplations, which ended in so solemn a conviction of divine truth, by those early studies of the nature of 'man's small universe,'\* which were to prepare him for our profession? And did not their daily converse with the awful circumstances attending the last scene of human life suggest to Sydenham, to Boerhaave, to Heberden, and to Baillie, (what, blessed be God! it has suggested to myself,) not the hopes only, but the assurance of another and a better world, of which they have testified to us and to posterity?

But I must not avail myself of the opportunity to pursue this theme further.

I thank you for the indulgence with which you have heard me on this, and on former occasions.

\* Milton, Par. Reg.



## ESSAY XIV.

### ON THE EFFECTS OF COLD.

IN Dr. Hawksworth's account of Captain Cooke's voyage round the world, we find it stated that Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander landed on Tierra del Fuego, and determined to make an expedition into the country, in pursuit of some objects of natural history. They were accompanied by a draughtsman and nine other attendants; but previously to commencing their walk, Dr. Solander—a native of Sweden, and well acquainted with the effect of extreme cold in the mountainous country between Norway and Sweden—thought it proper to warn the

party against yielding to a propensity to sleep, which the extreme cold and fatigue would inevitably occasion in them, as, if they indulged it, they would awake no more. This inclination to sleep the doctor himself was the first to feel, and finding it irresistible, implored the party to go on, and to allow him to follow in half-an-hour. This could not be permitted after such a warning as he had pronounced, and they dragged him along, and carried him for some time. Nevertheless, he slept for five minutes, and it was discovered that the muscles of his feet were become so contracted that his shoes dropped from them, and he could wear them no more.

The party lost their way in a snow-storm, and were detained on shore two days and nights, with a very meagre and inadequate stock of provisions ; and the unhappy result

of the expedition was, that a black servant and two others of the party were left behind dead in the snow.

You may remember, perhaps, that Xenophon, in his modest and beautiful narrative of the return of the ten thousand Greeks, after their invasion of Persia, under the younger Cyrus, whose death in the battle of Cunaxa (near the site of the modern Bagdad) rendered their retreat necessary, encountered some unusually severe weather in Armenia, which proved fatal to a part of the army. It had marched three successive days in the snow, and on the last a strong north wind having arisen, which blew in the faces of the men, thirty soldiers died in one night, seared as if burned, and stiffened by cold. The original passage is,

*Ἐντεῦθεν ἐπορεύοντο διὰ χιόνος πολλῆς ὁδὲ τριτὸς ἐγένετο χαλεπὸς, καὶ ἀνεμὸς Βορρᾶς ἐναντίος ἔπνει, παντάπασιν ἀποκαίων, καὶ πηγνύς τοὺς ἀνθρώπους.*

The word ἀποκαίω is notable, and Virgil expresses the same idea in terms so alike, as to be almost a literal translation of Xenophon's account—

‘ Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat.’ \*

We have also the same effect of cold described by Livy in speaking of its influence on the animals passing over the Alps—

‘ Torrida membra gelu.’

and Milton has it—

‘ And frost performs the effect of fire.’

I know that some philosophers, who are familiar with the operation of freezing mer-

\* Virgil seems to have been fond of Xenophon. The latter, speaking of the returns of a well-cultivated farm, expresses this by the word δικαιοτατόν, in the Cyropædia. And we find in Virgil this figurative expression also in the superlative degree—

‘ Fundit humo facilem victum *justissima tellus*.’

Georgic. II.

I am indebted to the classical taste of a statesman, Lord Viscount Melbourne, for this remark.

cury, have lost the skin of their fingers by touching the metal in its frozen state ; and it is remarkable that Captain Back, in the interesting detail of his northern expedition, relates that the Indians compared the sensation imparted to their hands by the triggers of their guns, under extreme cold, to the effect of a red hot iron.

But there are some other military expeditions in modern times, by which we may exemplify the effect of cold on the human frame operating more disastrously and more extensively than on the army of Grecians commanded by Xenophon.

When Charles XII. of Sweden was killed at the siege of Frederickshall in Norway, General Ahrenfield, who lay before Drontheim, resolved immediately to withdraw his army to Sweden. It had been reduced by casualties and by desertion to 7300 men,

and his enemies—the Danes and Norwegians—were in possession of all the principal roads which led to Sweden. He was compelled, therefore, to make his retreat over a desert, eight leagues in length, lying between Maragher Fidelen and Handesloch. Accordingly on the 11th of January he began to march with his forces.

When they had hardly made two leagues of their way, they were overtaken by a storm of snow, which lasted three days and three nights without intermission. On the 13th of January a lieutenant and fifty men were observed lying dead in a heap with cold. On the 14th whole squadrons of the Swedes were sunk in the snow. Some were trodden under foot by their horses; others had pitched upon their heads, being oppressed by their arms and accoutrements; others lay in whole troops upon each other, still hold-



ing their horses, which perished likewise, nothing appearing of some of them but here and there a head raised above the snow. General Ahrenfield himself retired over the mountain of Fidal with 5250 men, of whom only 2000 lived to reach Handel, a fortified town, and that in so miserable a condition that 564 more died soon after, and the remaining 1436 were obliged to march over mountains almost inaccessible; so that only 870 Finlanders arrived at Donnaschantz in Sweden. In short, the number of those who perished in this march amounted to 5200, out of an army which mustered 7300 when they broke up from Drontheim\*.

But the disastrous effect of cold on a retreating army was never more remarkably exemplified than in the return of Bonaparte

\* From the Historical Register for the year 1719, vol. iv. p. 208. 210.

from Moscow. You remember the insolent triumph with which, after having captured several of the capitals of the continent of Europe, he marched to invade the Russian empire at the head of an army of nearly half a million of soldiers. He did, indeed, possess himself of the ancient capital of that empire also. *Sed qualis rediit?* The determination of the Russians to resist the aggressor to the utmost, and at the expense of any sacrifice, even the voluntary burning of their ancient beloved city, compelled him to remeasure his steps over a country which he himself had laid waste, at a period of the year when frost and snow, co-operating with the strenuous efforts of his enemies, so harassed and discomfited him, that, out of that immense army, not more than 10,000 Frenchmen and 25,000 auxiliaries lived to return to their native country; and, notwith-

standing repeated desperate efforts, made in vain, for awhile afterwards,

‘ He left the name at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.’

No doubt if the great moralist had lived in these days, he would have found a better parallel for Xerxes, in Bonaparte’s fate, than in that of any other disappointed ambitious monarch who had been arrested in his course, and compelled to desist from his pursuit of what the world has not yet ceased to call glory.

The Emperor of the French left Moscow on the 19th of October, when he had ascertained the extent to which the fire had destroyed the resources on which he had depended for the subsistence of his army during the winter, and by the time that he had reached Smolensko the frost was become

intense ; and although he had left Moscow with 120,000 men, and the fragments of various divisions besides had assembled here, it was with great difficulty that 40,000 men could now be brought together in fighting order. The troops often performed their march by night by the light of torches, in the hopes of escaping their merciless pursuers. When they halted, they fell asleep by hundreds to awake no more ; their enemies found them frozen to death around the ashes of their watch-fires. The horses, having been ill fed for some time, were equally unable to resist the united effects of cold and fatigue : they sank and stiffened by hundreds and by thousands. The starving soldiers slew others of these animals that they might wrap themselves in their warm skins or mitigate the severity of the

blast by taking refuge within their disembowelled carcases. But enough of these horrors.

The immediate cause of death by cold is apoplexy. The heart is arrested and paralysed in the exercise of its office, and no longer supplies the brain with arterial blood. Nor is the blood thrown with sufficient force to the extremities. It accumulates, therefore, in the large vessels proceeding immediately from the main spring, and there is no ingress for the blood returning from the brain. The large sinuses, therefore, become overgorged, and apoplexy follows. Portal spoke decidedly, many years ago, of apoplexy as the fatal effect of cold. Dr. Cooke doubted this, because, he said, it had not been demonstrated. Since he wrote, Dr. Kelly has demonstrated it by the post mortem examination of the bodies

of three persons who were found dead upon the sands of Leith after a night of extraordinary cold\*.

The philosophy of death by breathing foul or mephitic air is different. Here the lungs are intercepted in their functions ; no oxygen is admitted to the blood, whilst the heart, retaining its activity, sends the blood to the brain charged with carbon, the smallest portion of which is a fatal poison to it. This is the case also when death takes place by drowning. The lungs are precluded from receiving oxygen air, and cannot throw off the carbon. Under such circumstances it has been thought probable that life is extinguished in less than three minutes, unless, happily, the sufferer should have fainted. Then, the heart's action being stopped, the carbon is not thrown upon the

\* See Med. Chirurg. Transactions.

brain, and in such instances animation has been restored to the apparently dead body, even half an hour after its immersion in water.

The transition from life to death is easy in all these cases. Death by cold is longest in accomplishing his work; but the period of suffering is much abridged where despondency, privation, and fatigue—all of which are likely to be the fate of a retreating army—combine with cold. The unhappy benumbed being feels quite easy; he complains that he cannot move, in answer to solicitations to exert himself, and only desires to be left quiet. Insensibility steals softly over all his system, as the pressure upon the brain increases, and death, at length, sets his imprisoned spirit free.

When the cold has not been severe enough to destroy life entirely, it mutilates the ex-

tremities, and mortification ensues from a want of circulation. The Lascars who arrive in this country from India, in the winter season, are very prone to this effect of a climate so much colder than their native one, as the records of the hospitals in the city abundantly prove.

Analogous to this is the mortification which sometimes occurs to elderly persons from ossification of the arteries of the extremities. The blood-vessels having become impervious, the vital principle no longer pervades the feet and the toes, and they perish in consequence.

In confirmation of this opinion of the effect of cold in a severe degree upon the human frame under depression of spirits and privation and fatigue, and of its influence also short of fatality, I have an unpublished narrative of the misfortunes encountered by

.



four English gentlemen in a pedestrian expedition from Contamine to Col de Bonhomme, in Switzerland. The walk is one of about three hours in common circumstances. One of the party was a clergyman, who had lately lost his wife, and had been recommended to travel, in order to dissipate his sorrows. He set out with his companions, and a guide, on the 12th of September, 1830, at six o'clock in the morning, after a light breakfast. It had snowed in the night, and was raining a little when they started; but in a short time it began to snow again, and continued to snow during the whole of their passage. The path was soon obliterated, and they lost their way. After walking seven hours, the clergyman complained of his inability to proceed further. He said he could not move his legs. The danger of stopping, however, was pointed out. He was encou-

raged to go on, and was supported, assisted, carried; but at length he entreated that he might be left, adding that he was quite easy, ready to fall asleep, and must stay where he was. They then wrapped him up in his cloak, and left him, and proceeded as well as they were able; but at the end of eight hours, when they had at last regained the path, and had arrived within a quarter of an hour's walk of the place of their destination, another of the gentlemen failed in his strength, and could go on no longer. The other two, and the guide, attempted to carry him, but they fell headlong continually into the snow, and further exertions to assist him appearing vain, and only to endanger their own safety, he, too, was left wrapped up, as well as they could wrap him, and seated upon two knapsacks; and they redoubled their efforts to reach the Col de

Bonhomme, in order to send assistance to him. They soon reached it, and instantly despatched seven men to bring him in. He was brought in, in the course of an hour, alive, it is true, but he died the next day. A third lost three of his fingers soon after at Geneva; and the fourth escaped unhurt. I need not add that the poor clergyman was found a corpse.

Yet a cold climate, with the appliances of art, is not insalubrious, nor even incompatible with long life. The proportion of deaths annually in Switzerland is one in fifty-nine. The proportion in this country is one in sixty; though in the metropolis and in Birmingham it is one in forty, if we may believe the latest statistical account. In France, throughout the whole of it, it is said to be one in forty; in Italy one in thirty-three; in Rome one in twenty-eight; owing, per-

haps, to a malaria there. But what shall we say of Russia? I was informed by the late Russian Ambassador, that there was a level country of about 100 leagues square, sloping to the south, on the borders of Siberia, where a year rarely passed in the course of which some person did not die at the age of 130. The question one asked, of course, was, "Can you depend upon your registers there?" To which the reply was, "Anybody who knows the practices of the Greek Church will tell you that the bishops are more careful of their registration there, if possible, than your parochial clergy are in Great Britain."\* Is it, then, that these people are longer in coming to their maturity

\* It is stated in a late number of the French *Moniteur*, that in the year 1835, there died in the Russian empire, 416 persons of 100 years of age and upwards,—that the oldest was 135 years, and that there were 111 above 110 years old.

than the inhabitants of southern latitudes, and proportionably slower in their decline and decay, as the oaks of the forest are compared with other trees? Or are they the Hyperborei of the ancients? of whom Pomponius Mela says: — ‘*Diutius quam ulli mortalium et beatius vivunt;*’ and of whose happiness we read in the Choephoræ of Æschylus, as if it were proverbial:—

*Ταῦτα μὲν ὦ πᾶι κρείσονα χρυσοῦ  
Μεγαλῆς δὲ τυχῆς, καὶ Ὑπερβορέου  
μείζονα φωνεῖς.*

We must presume that these people have the power of counteracting the effects of great cold by artificial resources\*, as expe-

\* Not by all such, however, as Virgil details—Georg. III. v. 376.

‘*Ipsi in defossis specubus secreta sub altâ  
Otia agunt terrâ, congestaque robora totasque  
Advolvere focis ulmos, ignique dedere.*

rience and modern ingenuity contrive to provide for the safety of our mariners who have been exposed frequently of late years, almost with impunity, to the rigours of a winter even at the pole.

Such precautions were not known at the time that Sir Hugh Willoughby sailed on a voyage of discovery in those regions, in the reign of King Edward VI., in 1555, and he perished by cold, with all his crew, in Lapland. But now every practicable appliance, on shipboard, is made available as a shelter and protection against great cold; whilst the soldier on a march, not caring to embarrass himself with cumbrous defensive clothing

Hic noctem ludo ducunt, et pocula læti  
 Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis.  
 Talis, Hyperboreo septem subjecta trioni,  
 Gens effrena virûm Rhipæo tunditur Euro,  
 Et pecudum fulvis velatur corpora setis.'

against only a contingent evil, has no resource against frost and snow, if they should occur, by which he can resist their effects, and he is sometimes arrested and surprised, thereby, into his destruction. I have noticed the dreadful calamities by which whole armies have been overtaken and almost annihilated, both in ancient and modern times, by frost and snow; nor has *this* nation not experienced its sufferings from the same causes, as British officers, who served in Holland in 1794, (when the Waal and other rivers of that country were frozen over,) will tell you. Yet it is found that the life of a soldier is more favourable to longevity than that of the sailor. I have the returns of the establishments of Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former of which (Greenwich) contains 2710 pensioners—the latter (Chel-

sea) only 509. Now it has been stated to me, that of the 2710, several reach the age of 80, and even 90 years, but very rarely indeed 100 : whereas at Chelsea, containing only 509, scarcely a year passes in which some one does not die at 100.

This remark on the comparative value of life in the two services is not new. It is as old as Homer. You remember in the *Odyssey*, that when Ulysses, having fallen in with the celebration of some games in one of the islands which he traversed in his way home, after the surrender of Troy, was requested to perform some of those feats of activity and of personal prowess for which he had made himself so famous during the siege, it was remarked by Leodamas, ‘ No ; you forget that he has been a good deal at sea since that time, than which nothing con-



tributes so much to melt and break down a man.' Homer's words are—

Οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγέ τι φῆμι κακώτερον ἄλλο θαλάσσης  
 Ἄνδρα γε σνγχεῦαι, εἰ καὶ μάλα κάρτερος εἴη \*.

‘ For I declare there is nothing like the sea  
 To break a man, however strong he be.’

Whether a better reason than the accidents of the two services for the greater facility of reaching old age on the part of the soldier than the sailor may not be found in this consideration, that the soldier does not commence his military life before his frame has completely developed itself; whereas the sailor enters upon his duties whilst yet a youth, his manhood remaining to be perfected on harder and less wholesome fare. This I leave to your better judgment to determine: nor will I trespass longer on your

\* Odyssey, 8th Book.

patience than whilst I assure you that I believe if we would exert our charity most beneficently, most usefully, within the range of our influence, we should clothe the poor at home, and keep them warm in winter, as well as feed them.

## ESSAY XV.

ON SOME OF THE RESULTS OF THE SUCCESSFUL PRACTICE OF PHYSIC.

GENTLEMEN,

You heard me with great kindness, when I read a paper some time since, on the Education and Conduct of a Physician. Will you afford me the same attention whilst I lay before you, this evening, some of the rewards of a successful practice of our profession, the result of sound knowledge, and of those highly moral and religious principles on which the education, which I advocated, ought to be built? I do not intend to advert to the pecuniary fruits of our toil; nor do I mean to speak of the honours awarded to physicians, for those distinctions are

more limited and rare in our profession than in either of the kindred ones. No—I contemplate the moral influence which the cure of the ills of the body has upon the minds of patients. I allude to that deference to the Physician's judgment, on other subjects, which follows his successful exercise of it over pain and sickness—to that gratitude and attachment which is the sweetest reward of our anxious and laborious life.

It is your peculiar privilege, my brethren, in the daily exercise of your calling, to go about doing good ; and; from the moment you have made choice of your profession, it ought to be a gratification and an encouragement to you to recollect, that the great Author of our Salvation first conciliated the attention and good-will of the multitudes which followed him, by healing their sick. This first disclosure of His miracu-

lous power was, indeed, followed by a still more awful manifestation of it, by raising the dead,—a display well calculated to awaken the whole world to His Message of Mercy.

Nor is it possible to find a happier moment to create and establish a confidence and a regard in the heart of the sick person, and of those who are attached to him, than this, in which his own hopes and fears, and those of his friends, hang upon the Physician's counsel and his decision. It has been remarked, by an able Divine\*, 'that a state of affliction is a school of humility,'—a remark which applies with equal truth to the maladies of the body as of the mind ; for, undoubtedly, man is humbled when his continuance in this life depends, essentially, upon the assist-

\* By the Rev Dr. Jortin.

ance and kindness of others. Nor is he more utterly dependent and helpless, even in infancy, than when he is bowed down and prostrated by pain and disease. He dies, notwithstanding every possible care—every effort to save him; nevertheless, the skill with which his Physician had administered to him all the resources of his art, whilst he lived,—the tenderness with which he announced the patient's danger to his family, when the disease assumed a fatal form,—and the sympathy which he manifested with the feelings of those who hung over his sick bed,—made a deep and sharp impression on their minds, in those hours of anxiety and fear, which no time can obliterate; and confirmed and increased that attachment to him, never afterwards to be alienated.

Or, rather say he lives, and how enviable

are the feelings of the Physician ; how grateful those of the sick man recovered ! How impossible is it for him not to respect that judgment, in all circumstances hereafter, which proved so correct and successful in his hour of peril !

But, further,—the Physician will have manifested a kind and friendly interest in the sick man's comfort by suggesting, at a proper moment, the necessity of 'setting his house in order,' and of arranging his worldly affairs, by which, not his own peace only, but the happiness also of those who were to come after him, may have been consulted and secured. Here a debt of gratitude was contracted, and it may be that this obligation was augmented by the Physician's having availed himself of a fit occasion to call the sick man's attention to his future state, and to the consideration of his

spiritual concerns. I know that this is the province of others, rather than of the Physician—but if the suggestion had been presented unobtrusively, and with a sound discretion, at a proper moment, we may rest assured that it was accepted with Christian good-will and with thankfulness. But I need not pursue this argument further. Many of you are in the habit of observing its truth in your daily experience; and I hope there is not a Physician in this assembly who will not, sooner or later, have the same happiness in confirming it. I will rather turn to history for instances in verification of my position, yet I will not go back to antiquity, though I might find passages in Homer, strongly expressive of the attachment and respect of the Grecian heroes to their medical attendants; and several instances in the life of Hippocrates demon-



strative of the regard and admiration of his countrymen. Our own times furnish me with a striking example of the deference paid to a Physician by the highest Potentates. When Dr. Jenner first promulgated the protective influence of vaccination against the danger of small-pox, the king of Spain fitted out an expedition to carry the vaccine matter to every part of his transmarine dominions; and after having left the valuable material at the Canary Islands, the Caraccas, and all the provinces of South America, the director of the expedition resolved to carry the preservative to the remotest part of Asia, and having stopped at Acapulco, and the Philippine Islands, he introduced vaccination into China. The emperor of Russia, too, after he had established the practice of vaccination throughout all his European dominions, sent Dr.

Boutaltz to traverse his Asiatic possessions for the same benevolent purpose. The mission, therefore, when it had reached the capital of Siberia, proceeded to Ocholtz, from thence he sent it to Kamtschatzka, and the islands situated between Asia and America. Fresh matter was transmitted also into China; so that the Spanish and Russian expeditions reached different points of the celestial empire nearly at the same time.

In the Island of Java, certain portions of land have been set apart for the support of vaccination; and as a mark of respect and veneration for the author of this valuable discovery, these lands have been designated Jennerian lands.

This detail may be considered perhaps as affording evidence rather of the confidence of these sovereigns in the merit of the new

invaluable resource, than of their personal respect and deference to Dr. Jenner. But it is true that Bonaparte, in the plenitude of his power, accorded their freedom from bondage to no less than nine captives, severally, at the request of Dr. Jenner, a homage to the benevolent author of so important a discovery; and that the Emperor of Austria and the King of Spain paid equal attention to Dr. Jenner's intercession in behalf of individuals who were detained in their dominions.

But the anecdote most flattering to the medical profession which I would recall to your remembrance is, the occasion of the first establishment of the East India Company's power on the coast of Coromandel, which was procured by the favour of the Great Mogul to one of our profession, Gabriel Boughton, of the ship *Hopeful*, in gra-

titude for his efficient help in a case of great distress to the monarch. It seems that in the year 1636 (a very early period of our direct intercourse with India, after the Portuguese had discovered the passage thither by the Cape of Good Hope) one of the Princesses of the Great Mogul's family had been burnt dreadfully, by accident, and that a messenger was sent to Surat, where foreign traders resorted, to desire the assistance of one of the English surgeons there, for they had acquired a great reputation amongst the natives for their skill in the cure of diseases. Gabriel Boughton proceeded forthwith to Delhi, and was successful in performing a cure; on which the Great Mogul's minister asked him what his master could do for him to manifest his gratitude for so important a service? Gabriel answered, with a disinterestedness, a generosity, a patriotism be-

yond my praise, "Let my nation trade with yours." "Be it so." A portion of the coast was marked out for the future resort of English ships, and all duties were compromised for a small sum of money\*. A better station, it is true, was selected at the mouth of the Hoogley river some twenty years afterwards, and Calcutta was built; but *here* was the first establishment of our power. Here did the civilization of that vast continent begin—from hence the blessed light of the Gospel may have been first promulgated amongst a hundred millions of native idolaters, since subjected to the control of British power, and made partakers of our enlightened comforts.

This happy result of the successful inter-

\* On the payment of three thousand rupees, a government licence for an unlimited trade without payment of customs in the richest province of India was accorded.—*Mill's British India*, vol. i. p. 70.

position of one of our medical brethren suggests a question to my mind of the expediency of educating missionaries, who are to be sent to the rude uninformed population of distant countries to propagate the Gospel, in the medical art, as the earliest object of their studies, in order that they may make themselves more acceptable than if they presented themselves professedly to teach a new religion. I propound this question with great diffidence, particularly in the presence of that part of my audience with whom it may rest to direct the preliminary education of this useful body of men; but I know that the candour of these venerable characters is equal to their high dignity, and that they will receive my suggestions in good part, and feel assured that I mean that these missionaries should carry the Gospel in their heads, and in their hearts, and govern their

conduct by its precepts ; though I conceive it might further their purpose to withhold the sacred volume until after they had acquired the good-will and confidence of their hearers, by the service they had done them in healing their sickness. We know what the Jesuits have accomplished in the pursuit of this concurrent object, wherever they have found admittance ; and I am sanguine enough to believe, that even that proud and exclusive people, the Chinese, would receive those who entered their country with these views, without that suspicion and distrust which they never fail to manifest when they surmise that trade is the object of the stranger's visit, or some covert intention to interfere with their institutions ; and that this might be made the occasion of giving the comfort of the Gospel to three hundred

millions more of the inhabitants of our globe, in process of time.

The Chinese received vaccination kindly; and when a small English tract, written expressly to recommend that process, had been translated into their language by Sir George Staunton, though strenuously opposed to every innovation, on all occasions, they not only submitted to receive this new practice, but actually raised a considerable subscription to assist in diffusing it throughout their vast empire; and since that time they have allowed missionaries from America to establish an ophthalmic institution, and also a general dispensary for the supply of European medicines and advice to the sick poor. I will read a part of a letter from Canton, dated the 2nd of April, 1837, from the Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff, a member of the American



Medical Missionary Society there, in which he says, "I humbly hope that the Association will prove a great blessing to this country. Dr. Parker continues to operate most astonishing cures, and other Physicians have already arrived at Sincapore." By endeavouring to benefit both the body and the soul, some favourable impression, it is to be expected, will be made on the minds of this people.

Undoubtedly the Chinese practice of physic is so meagre, and inadequate to meet and control the "ills which flesh is heir to," as to give an easy superiority to the commonest pretensions of European knowledge. You will agree with me in this opinion, when I tell you what their physiology and pathology is, and what are their resources under disease, which I am enabled to do by the kindness of the Right Honourable Sir Alexander

Johnstone, who put into my hands a MS., since printed in the 'Asiatic Journal,' giving, from the best authority, a full account of the practice of physic in China.

It seems that they know nothing of the doctrine of the circulation of the blood. They believe that the human body is composed of five elements—water, fire, wood, metal, and earth; that as long as the equilibrium between these elements is maintained, people enjoy health; as soon as one predominates, sickness ensues—that all diseases arise from disturbing the equilibrium of these parts, and that the art of healing consists in restoring their mutual relation. They know nothing whatever of chemistry—there is not even a name for it in their language. Their medicines are almost all vegetable, and the Ginseng root their panacea. Detesting the sight of blood, the

abstraction of it, by whatever means, is almost or altogether unknown amongst them; and their utter aversion to any surgical operation reduces them to the necessity of depending upon the inefficiency of internal remedies in surgical cases. The employment of the moxa and acupuncture can hardly be considered as exceptions to this general interdict.

So long as the erroneous opinion prevails with them that every thing ancient is excellent, and superior to recent inventions, they must necessarily remain in their present state of ignorance, and the most useful sciences will be rejected. Not that we can expect the Chinese to grasp with eagerness at our improvements, yet the cure of diseases, set down at once as fatal, in their experience, must be likely to facilitate the introduction of our knowledge, and add most

humanely to their comfort and civilization, and not to their temporal happiness only, but to their future felicity, by the introduction of the Holy Scriptures amongst them, by this avenue.

With those who practise upon such a system of physic as I have detailed, if system it can be called, is it possible that the acquired knowledge of his profession in an English medical practitioner should come into competition, without the greatest advantage in his favour? Is it possible that his knowledge of anatomy, by which he is enabled to detect the seat of disease; his acquaintance with chemistry, and all other resources of his art, by which he administers effectually to maladies within the reach of human skill, should not give his patients and those who surround them a greater confidence in his judgment, than in that

of a feeble native practitioner? Be it understood, however, that I do not claim your acknowledgment of his superiority for an Englishman of superficial knowledge only. In our profession a little knowledge may be a dangerous possession. And it is on this conviction that I humbly propose that those who are to be educated to become Missionaries, after having had their minds thoroughly imbued with moral and religious principles in their first scholastic discipline, shall then attend to anatomy and chemistry, and other courses of medical lectures, and for a certain time frequent some one of the great hospitals, so as to qualify themselves to practise physic and surgery, as if they were to prosecute our profession as their means of living.

With minds so exercised, men are surely not ill prepared to receive and weigh well

and deeply study the sacred truths; and, having the sanction of holy ordination, to go forth amongst the heathen to expound them. The Americans seem disposed, according to the accounts from Canton, to keep separate the civil and the clerical characters, and have no other missionary there professedly educated for the practice of physic and surgery, but Dr. Parker; yet it is acknowledged that he is most in credit for the good which he does. Now, confidence is not transferable, and it does not follow that the impression of gratitude and attachment which the physician shall have made by his successful ministration to disease, will be given necessarily and of course to a stranger, introduced to explain what is required for the salvation of the soul. I hold it, therefore, far preferable, that the two characters should be united in those whose zeal for the benefit of mankind may

carry them to remote parts of the world. Of this union we all know numerous and respectable instances at home ; and it cannot fail to be remembered within these walls, that our founder, Linacre, the first President of the College, took orders in the latter period of his life, and died in the exercise of those sacred functions.

But I am afraid I become tedious. Let me make haste then to thank you for your patient attention, and to add, in evidence of the sincerity with which I have represented the frequent occasions of the purest mental gratification which the Physician finds in the exercise of his calling, independently of any other consideration, and contrary to the maxim in Horace—

‘ Nemo, quam sibi sortem

Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ

Contentus vivat ? laudet diversa sequentes?—

if I were to begin my life again, I would adopt the profession of physic.

Amongst these gratifications, I should be ungrateful to you if I did not enumerate the repeated pleasure of meeting and cooperating with you for the improvement of medicine, and for the promotion of the respectability of our profession, in these evening assemblies at the College ; and when it shall please the great Creator to remove me to another world, which must necessarily be at no very distant day, some of you who now listen to me may bear in mind these my unfeigned sentiments and attachment to our common profession, and not be surprised if you should hear that

‘ Occidit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.’

VIRGIL.



AN ACCOUNT  
OF WHAT APPEARED ON  
OPENING THE COFFIN  
OF  
KING CHARLES THE FIRST,  
IN THE VAULT OF KING HENRY VIII.  
IN  
ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR,  
ON THE FIRST OF APRIL, MDCCCXIII.

### TO THE READER.

THE following narrative of the investigation, which took place at Windsor, on Thursday the 1st of April, 1813, in the vault of King Henry VIII., will probably be rendered more satisfactory by a comparison with the statements of Lord Clarendon and Mr. Herbert, with respect to the interment of King Charles I.

For the convenience of the reader, therefore, those narratives are here reprinted, as an appendix.

## AN ACCOUNT,

ETC.

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IT is stated by Lord Clarendon, in his History of the Rebellion, that the body of King Charles I., though known to be interred in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, could not be found, when searched for there some years afterwards. It seems, by the historian's account, to have been the wish and the intention of King Charles II., after his restoration, to take up his father's corpse, and to reinter it in Westminster Abbey, with those royal honours which had been denied it under the government of the regicides. The most careful search was made for the

body by several people, amongst whom were some of those noble persons whose faithful attachment had led them to pay their last tribute of respect to their unfortunate master by attending him to the grave. Yet such had been the injury done to the chapel, such were the mutilations it had undergone, during the period of the usurpation, that no marks were left, by which the *exact* place of burial of the king could be ascertained\*.

There is some difficulty in reconciling this account with the information which has reached us since the death of Lord Clarendon, particularly with that of Mr. Ashmole,

\* Pope, alluding to the doubt which was entertained in his day, as to the place of the King's interment, invokes the Muse to

‘ Make sacred Charles’s tomb for ever known,  
( Obscure the place and uninscribed the stone. )’

*Windsor Forest*, v. 319.

and more especially with that most interesting narrative of Mr. Herbert, given in the 'Athenæ Oxonienses.' Mr. Herbert had been a groom of the bed-chamber, and a faithful companion of the king in all circumstances, from the time he left the Isle of Wight, until his death—was employed to convey his body to Windsor, and to fix upon a proper place for his interment there; and was an eye-witness to that interment, in the vault of King Henry VIII.

Were it allowable to hazard a conjecture, after Lord Clarendon's deprecation of all conjectures on the subject, one might suppose that it was deemed imprudent, by the ministers of King Charles II., that his Majesty should indulge his pious inclination to reinter his father, at a period when those ill-judged effusions of loyalty which had been manifested by taking out of their graves and

hanging up the bodies of some of the most active members of the court which had condemned and executed the king might, in the event of another triumph of the republicans, have subjected the body of the monarch to similar indignity. But the fact is, King Charles I. was buried in the vault of King Henry VIII., situated precisely where Mr. Herbert has described it\* ; and an accident has served to elucidate a point in history, which the great authority of Lord Clarendon had involved in some obscurity.

On completing the mausoleum which his present Majesty has built in the tomb-house, as it is called, it was necessary to form a passage to it from under the choir of St. George's Chapel. In constructing this pas-

\* Mr. Herbert, whose account furnished the clue to our inquiry, retired immediately after his Majesty's death into Yorkshire, and lived to the beginning of the next century. His papers were not published till some time after his death.

sage, an aperture was made accidentally in one of the walls of the vault of King Henry VIII., through which the workmen were enabled to see, not only the two coffins which were supposed to contain the bodies of King Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour, but a third also, covered with a black velvet pall, which, from Mr. Herbert's narrative, might fairly be presumed to hold the remains of King Charles I.

On representing the circumstance to the Prince Regent, his Royal Highness perceived at once, that a doubtful point in history might be cleared up by opening this vault; and accordingly his Royal Highness ordered an examination to be made on the first convenient opportunity. This was done on the first of April last, the day after the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, in the presence of his Royal Highness himself, who

guaranteed thereby the most respectful care and attention to the remains of the dead during the inquiry. His Royal Highness was accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, Count Munster, the Dean of Windsor, Benjamin Charles Stevenson, Esq., and Sir Henry Halford.

The vault is covered by an arch, half a brick in thickness, is seven feet two inches in width, nine feet six inches in length, and four feet ten inches in height, and is situated in the centre of the choir, opposite the eleventh knight's stall, on the sovereign's side.

On removing the pall, a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been inclosed in wood, and bearing an inscription 'KING CHARLES, 1648,' in large, legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it, immediately presented itself to



the view. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were, an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body carefully wrapped up in cere-cloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; and from the tenacity of the cere-cloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cere-cloth was easy; and when it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied was observed in the unctuous substance.

At length, the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately: and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cere-cloth, was found entire.

It was difficult, at this moment, to withhold a declaration, that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts,

and especially to the pictures of King Charles I. by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight were well prepared to receive this impression ; but it is also certain, that such a facility of belief had been occasioned by the simplicity and truth of Mr. Herbert's Narrative, every part of which had been confirmed by the investigation, so far as it had advanced : and it will not be denied that the shape of the face, the forehead, an eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which resemblance is determined.

When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and, without any difficulty, was taken up and held to

view. It was quite wet\*, and gave a greenish red tinge to paper and to linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a re-

\* I have not asserted this liquid to be blood, because I had not an opportunity of being sure that it was so, and I wished to record facts only, and not opinions : I believe it, however, to have been blood, in which the head rested. It gave to writing paper, and to a white handkerchief, such a colour as blood which has been kept for a length of time generally leaves behind it. Nobody present had a doubt of its being blood ; and it appears from Mr. Herbert's narrative, that the King was embalmed immediately after decapitation. It is probable, therefore, that the large blood vessels continued to empty themselves for some time afterwards. I am aware, that some of the softer parts of the human body, and particularly the brain, undergo, in the course of time, a decomposition, and will melt. A liquid, therefore, might be found after long interment, where solids only had been buried : but the weight of the head, in this instance, gave no suspicion that the brain had lost its substance ; and no moisture appeared in any other part of the coffin, as far as we could see, excepting at the back part of the head and neck.

markably fresh appearance ; the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture ; and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown colour. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

On holding up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably ; and the fourth cer-

vical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles the First.

After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed.

Neither of the other coffins had any inscription upon them. The larger one, supposed on good grounds to contain the remains of King Henry VIII., measured six feet ten inches in length, and had been inclosed in an elm one of two inches in thick-

ness: but this was decayed, and lay in small fragments near it. The leaden coffin appeared to have been beaten in by violence about the middle; and a considerable opening in that part of it exposed a mere skeleton of the king. Some beard remained upon the chin, but there was nothing to discriminate the personage contained in it.

The smaller coffin, understood to be that of Queen Jane Seymour, was not touched; mere curiosity not being considered, by the Prince Regent, as a sufficient motive for disturbing these remains.

On examining the vault with some attention, it was found that the wall, at the west end, had, at some period or other, been partly pulled down and repaired again, not by regular masonry, but by fragments of stones

and bricks, put rudely and hastily together without cement.

From Lord Clarendon's account, as well as from Mr. Herbert's narrative of the interment of King Charles, it is to be inferred, that the ceremony was a very hasty one, performed in the presence of the Governor, who had refused to allow the service according to the Book of Common Prayer to be used on the occasion ; and had, probably, scarcely admitted the time necessary for a decent deposit of the body. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the coffin of King Henry VIII. had been injured by a precipitate introduction of the coffin of King Charles ; and that the Governor was not under the influence of feelings, in those times, which gave him any concern about Royal remains, or the vault which contained them.



It may be right to add, that a very small mahogany coffin, covered with crimson velvet, containing the body of an infant, had been laid upon the pall which covered King Charles. This is known to have been a still-born child of the Princess George of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne.

LONDON, APRIL 11, 1813.



## AUTHENTICATION.

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WHEN the manuscript containing the above account was read to his late Majesty, then Prince Regent, by whose command it had been drawn up, the King was pleased to desire that he might authenticate it, which he did, immediately previous to its being deposited in the British Museum, by the accompanying autograph.



## APPENDIX I.

[Extract from Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England,' Vol. iii. Part I. p. 393, Oxford, 1807.]

‘ His body was immediately carried into a room at Whitehall ; where he was exposed for many days to the public view, that all men might know that he was not alive. And he was then embalmed, and put into a coffin, and so carried to St. James’s ; where he likewise remained several days. They who were qualified to order his funeral declared, “ that he should be buried at Windsor in a decent manner, provided that the whole expense should not exceed five hundred pounds.” The Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, who had been of his bed-chamber, and always very faithful to him,

desired those who governed, “ that they might have leave to perform the last duty to their dead master, and to wait upon him to his grave ;” which, after some pauses, they were permitted to do ; with this, “ that they should not attend the corpse out of town ; since they resolved it should be privately carried to Windsor without pomp or noise, and then they should have timely notice, that, if they pleased, they might be at his interment.” And accordingly it was committed to four of those servants who had been by them appointed to wait upon him during his imprisonment, that they should convey the body to Windsor ; which they did. And it was, that night, placed in that chamber which had usually been his bed-chamber ; the next morning, it was carried into the great hall, where it remained till the lords came ; who arrived there in the afternoon, and immediately went to Colonel Whitchcot, the governor of the castle, and showed the order they had from the Parliament to be present at the burial, which he

admitted : but when they desired that his Majesty might be buried according to the form of the Common Prayer Book, the Bishop of London being present with them to officiate, he positively and roughly refused to consent to it; and said, "it was not lawful, that the Common Prayer Book was put down, and he would not suffer it to be used in that garrison where he commanded;" nor could all the reasons, persuasions, and entreaties, prevail with him to suffer it. Then they went into the church, to make choice of a place for burial. But when they entered into it, which they had been so well acquainted with, they found it so altered and transformed, all inscriptions, and those landmarks pulled down, by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole, that they knew not where they were: nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where our princes had used to be interred. At last, there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell

them the place where, he said, “ there was a vault, in which King Harry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour were interred.” As near that place as could conveniently be, they caused the grave to be made. There the King’s body was laid, without any words, or other ceremonies than the tears and sighs of the few beholders. Upon the coffin was a plate of silver fixed, with these words only, *King Charles*, 1648. When the coffin was put in, the black velvet pall that had covered it was thrown over it, and then the earth thrown in ; which the Governor stayed to see perfectly done, and then took the keys of the church.

‘ I have been the longer and the more particular in this relation, that I may from thence take occasion to mention what fell out long after, and which administered a subject of much discourse ; in which, according to the several humours and fancies of men, they who were in nearest credit and trust about the King underwent many very severe censures and reproaches, not without reflec-



tion upon the King himself. Upon the return of King Charles II., with so much congratulation, and universal joy of the people, above ten years after the murder of his father, it was generally expected that the body should be removed from that obscure burial, and with such ceremony as should be thought fit, should be solemnly deposited with his Royal ancestors in King Harry the Seventh's chapel, in the collegiate church at Westminster. And the King himself intended nothing more, and spoke often of it, as if it were only deferred till some circumstances and ceremonies in the doing it might be adjusted. But, by degrees, the discourse of it was diminished, as if it were totally laid aside upon some reason of state, the ground whereof several men guessed at according to their fancies, and thereupon cast those reproaches upon the statesmen as they thought reasonable, when the reasons which were suggested by their own imaginations did not satisfy their understanding. For the satisfaction and information of

all men, I choose in this place to explain that matter ; which it may be, is not known to many ; and at that time was not, for many reasons, thought fit to be published. The Duke of Richmond was dead before the King returned ; the Marquis of Hertford died in a short time after, and was seldom out of his lodging after his Majesty came to Whitehall : the Earl of Southampton and the Earl of Lindsey went to Windsor, and took with them such of their own servants as had attended them in that service, and as many others as they remembered had been then present, and were still alive ; who all amounted to a small number ; there being, at the time of the interment, great strictness used in admitting any to be present whose names were not included in the order which the lords had brought. In a word, the confusion they had at that time observed to be in that church, and the small alterations which were begun to be made towards decency, so totally perplexed their memories, that they could not satisfy themselves in what

place or part of the church the Royal body was interred : yet where any concurred upon this or that place, they caused the ground to be opened at a good distance, and, upon such enquiries, found no cause to believe that they were near the place : and, upon their giving this account to the King, the thought of that remove was laid aside ; and the reason communicated to very few, for the better discountenancing further enquiry.'



## APPENDIX II.

[Extract from Wood's 'Athenæ Oxonienses,' folio edition.  
Vol. ii. p. 703. Printed for Knaplock, Midwinter, and  
Tonson, 1721.]

‘ THERE was a passage broke through the wall of the Banqueting-house, by which the King passed unto the scaffold : where, after his Majesty had spoken, and declared publicly that he died a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England, (the contents of which have been several times printed,) the fatal stroke was given by a disguised person. Mr. Herbert during this time was at the door leading to the scaffold, much lamenting ; *and the Bishop coming from the scaffold with the Royal corpse, which was immediately confined and covered with a velvet pall, he and Mr. Herbert went with it to the back stairs to have it embalmed.* The Royal corpse being embalmed

and well coffined, and all afterwards wrapped up in lead, and covered with a new velvet pall, it was removed to St. James's. Where to bury the King was the last duty remaining. By some historians it is said the King spoke something to the bishop concerning his burial. Mr. Herbert, both before and after the King's death, was frequently in company with the bishop, and affirmed, that he never mentioned any thing to him of the King's naming any place where he would be buried; nor did Mr. Herbert (who constantly attended his Majesty, and after his coming to Hurst Castle was the only person in his bed-chamber) hear him at any time declare his mind concerning it. Nor was it in his lifetime a proper question for either of them to ask, notwithstanding they had oftentimes the opportunity, especially when his Majesty was bequeathing to his royal children and friends what is formerly related. Nor did the bishop declare any thing concerning the place to Mr. Herbert, which doubtless he would upon Mr. Herbert's pious care about

it; which being duly considered, they thought no place more fit to inter the corpse than in the chapel of King Henry VII., at the end of the church of Westminster Abbey, out of whose loins King Charles I. was lineally extracted, &c. Whereupon Mr. Herbert made his application to such as were then in power for leave to bury the King's body in the said chapel, among his ancestors; but his request was denied, for this reason, that *his burying there would attract infinite numbers of all sorts thither, to see where the King was buried; which, as the times then were, was judged unsafe and inconvenient.* Mr. Herbert acquainting the bishop with this, they then resolved to bury the King's body in the Royal Chapel of St. George, within the Castle of Windsor, both in regard that his Majesty was sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and that several kings had been there interred; namely, King Henry VI., King Edward IV., and King Henry VIII., &c. Upon which consideration

Mr. Herbert made his second address to the committee of Parliament, who, after some deliberation, gave him an order, bearing date the 6th of February, 1648, authorizing him and Mr. Anthony Mildmay to bury the King's body there, which the governor was to observe.

‘ Accordingly the corpse was carried thither from St. James's, February 7, in a hearse covered with black velvet, drawn by six horses covered with black cloth, in which were about a dozen gentlemen, most of them being such that had waited upon his Majesty at Carisbrook Castle, and other places, since his Majesty's going from Newcastle. Mr. Herbert shewed the Governor, Colonel Whitchcot, the committee's order for permitting Mr. Herbert and Mr. Mildmay to bury him, the late King, in any place within Windsor Castle, that they should think fit and meet. In the first place, in order thereunto, they carried the King's body into the Dean's house, which was hung with black, and after to his usual bed-chamber within



the palace. After which they went to St. George's Chapel to take a view thereof, and of the most fit and honourable place for the Royal corpse to rest in. Having taken a view, they at first thought that the tomb-house, built by Cardinal Wolsey, would be a fit place for his interment; but that place, though adjoining, yet being not within the Royal Chapel, they waived it; for, if King Henry VIII. was buried there, (albeit to that day the particular place of his burial was unknown to any,) yet, in regard to his Majesty, King Charles I. (who was a real defender of the Faith, and as far from censuring any that might be) would upon occasional discourse express some dislike in King Henry's proceedings, in misemploying those vast revenues, the suppressed abbies, monasteries, and other religious houses were endowed with, and by demolishing those many beautiful and stately structures which both expressed the greatness of their founders, and preserved the splendour of the kingdom, which might at the Reformation have in

some measure been kept up and converted to sundry pious uses.

‘ Upon consideration thereof, those gentlemen declined it, and pitched upon the vault where King Edward IV. had been interred, being on the north side of the choir, near the altar, that King being one his late Majesty would oftentimes make honourable mention of, and from whom his Majesty was lineally propagated. That, therefore, induced Mr. Herbert to give order to N. Harrison and Henry Jackson to have that vault opened, partly covered with a fair large stone of touch, raised within the arch adjoining, having a range of iron bars gilt, curiously cut according to church work, &c. But as they were about this work, some noblemen came thither ; namely, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Lindsey, and with them Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, who had licence from the Parliament to attend the King’s body to his grave. Those gentlemen, therefore, Herbert and Mildmay, thinking fit to

submit, and leave the choice of the place of burial to those great persons, they in like manner viewed the tomb-house and the choir; and one of the Lords beating gently upon the pavement with his staff, perceived a hollow sound; and thereupon ordering the stones and earth to be removed, they discovered a descent into a vault, where two coffins were laid near one another, the one very large, of an antique form, and the other little. These they supposed to be the bodies of King Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour his third wife, as indeed they were. The velvet palls that covered their coffins seemed fresh, though they had lain there above one hundred years.

‘ The Lords agreeing that the King’s body should be in the same vault interred, being about the middle of the choir, over against the eleventh stall upon the sovereign’s side, they gave order to have the King’s name and year he died cut in lead; which whilst the workmen were about, the Lords went out and gave Puddifant, the sexton,

order to lock the chapel door, and not suffer any to stay therein till further notice. The sexton did his best to clear the chapel; nevertheless, Isaac, the sexton's man, said that a foot-soldier had hid himself, so as he was not discerned; and being greedy of prey, crept into the vault, and cut so much of the velvet pall that covered the great body as he judged would hardly be missed, and wimbled also a hole through the said coffin that was largest, probably fancying that there was something well worth his adventure. The sexton at his opening the door espied the sacrilegious person; who being searched, a bone was found about him, with which he said he would haft a knife. The Governor being therefore informed of, he gave him his reward; and the Lords and others present were convinced that a real body was in the said great coffin, which some before had scrupled. The girdle or circumscription, of capital letters of lead put about the King's coffin, had only these words: *King Charles, 1648.*

‘ The King’s body was then brought from his bed-chamber down into St. George’s Hall, whence, after a little stay, it was with a slow and solemn pace (much sorrow in most faces being then discernible) carried by gentlemen of quality in mourning. The noblemen in mourning also held up the pall; and the governor, with several gentlemen, officers and attendants, came after. It was then observed, that at such time as the King’s body was brought out from St. George’s Hall, the sky was serene and clear; but presently it began to snow, and the snow fell so fast, that by that time the corpse came to the west end of the Royal chapel, the black velvet pall was all white, (the colour of innocency,) being thick covered over with snow. The body being by the bearers set down near the place of burial, the Bishop of London stood ready, with the service-book in his hands, to have performed his last duty to the King his master, according to the order and form of burial of the dead set forth in the Book of Common

Prayer ; which the Lords likewise desired ; but it would not be suffered by Colonel Whitchcot, the governor of the castle, by reason of the *Directory to which* (said he) *he and others were to be conformable.* Thus went the *white King* to his grave, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and twenty-second year and tenth month of his reign.'

ORATIONES.





ORATIO IN THEATRO COLLEGII REGALIS  
MEDICORUM LONDINENSIS, EX HARVEII  
INSTITUTO,

HABITA DIE OCTOB. XVIII. AN. M.DCCC.

VESTRUM omnium, Præses dignissime, Sociique ornatissimi, neminem esse crediderim qui, ingeniis studiisque hominum cognitissimè et perspectis, non statim intelligat, et pro comperto habeat mancā et imperfectā prorsus esse medicinæ artem sine literis et philosophiâ. Atque hoc, arbitror, hisce præsertim temporibus, iterum atque iterum nobis in mentem revocandum esse, quando Plebei Philosophi hanc quoque artium no-

biliorum principem à doctrinâ severiori segregari posse opinantur, et nihil aliud postulare nisi experientiam (quod aiunt) promptique animi acumen. Verùm enimvero hæc ipsa experientia, hæc ipsa in rebus operosis animi promptitudo, num in triviis quærenda sunt denique, et nullo ferè labore, nullisque disciplinis comparanda? Magno olim certamine Tyrones nostri ad prima medicinæ limina pervenerunt. Disciplinis veteribus instructi, in libris versati, atque hominum in omni ferè literarum genere eruditorum sermonibus locupletati, tum demùm hanc artem suam exercere cœperunt, quando alias propè omnes prælibâssent. Hinc factum est ut quæ postea ex usu didicerant, aut quæ fors illis objecerat, hæc omnia arti medicinali tam præsidio essent quàm ornamento; hinc factum est quoque, ut splendidum et ampliorem cursum adim-

plere viderentur—neque ægrotantium solùm lectis adsiderent, sed quando otium dabatur, cum optimatibus reipublicæ amicitiarum necessitudinem, vitæque quotidianæ commercium haberent. Absit, obsecro, absit à nobis longè longèque levis ista sive arrogantia, sive petulantia vocanda sit, quæ antiquam hanc laudem nostram ullâ aliâ nisi antiquâ ratione obtineri posse credit aut conservari—Quod verò ne fiat, prohibet, ni fallor, et rei ipsius intima cognitio, atque eorum saltem memoria, qui suis ostenderunt quàm pulchra esset atque honesta medicinæ cum literis et philosophiâ conjunctio.

Etenim, quod ad literas humaniores attinet, si rectè scribendi sapere est et principium et fons;—si rectè sapiendi, hominum ingenia, mores pernoscere; si rectè loquendi denique, quid sit facundum, quid acre, quid venustum scire, id omne non ex-

cipit modò Medicina, verum etiam arripit atque amplexatur—Quidni enim? An qui humanam mentem tam variam, tamque multiplicem, omni simulatione pariter ac dissimulatione ademptâ, miramque istam corporis atque animæ necessitudinem videt indies et contemplatur; qui affectuum vim atque imperium, ægrotantium metus, adscendentium sollicitudinem præsens contuetur, non ille convenientia scit cuique tribuere? An cui dolentibus vultu, vocibus, ac consilio subvenire curæ sit, illum vel facundia scribentem deseret, vel venustates?

Quod si Philosophiæ, sanæ istius ac legitimæ, rationem habeas, quæ neque opinionibus hominum, neque verbis tantummodo commentisque continetur, sed in naturâ ipsâ, ac rerum cognitione versatur, quantum ad hoc possumus quis non videt? Num mundi hujus universitatem velis, rerumque mate-

riem explorando cognoscere? Nihil certè omnium vel ad temperiem, vel ad leges naturæ explicandas magis idoneum esse potest quam mira illa ac miranda humani corporis fabricatio. Num animam humanam pervestiges? Corporis, priùs, formam, vires, motus pernovîsse curæ erit. Num officia hominum ac mores velis intelligere? Nihil certè ad hanc rem ritè percipiendam homine ipso vel prius vel antiquius est.

Fuerunt itaque è familiâ nostrâ, (quid enim aut in antiquorum, aut in exterorum retrò eam memoriam?) qui literas humaniores, omnigenamque doctrinam, et feliciter excoluerunt et ornaverunt maxumè. Testor LINACRUM nostrum, qui cum in eâ tempestate præcipuè versaretur quâ crassa præcedentium sæculorum barbaries, renascentibus in Europâ literis, cœperat paulatim exolescere, antiquam in hâc Insulâ discipli-

nam instauravit, Græcarumque literarum fontes obseratos et interclusos aperuit iterùm et patefecit. Ipse, enim, cùm animum suum utilissimarum ac gravissimarum rerum studiis instruxisset ; philosophiamque (qualiscunque ea demùm fuerat) quam Oxoniæ acceperat, omnibus elegantioris doctrinæ venustatibus apud Italos expoliverat, arctissimam inter medicinam ac literas cognitionem interesse vidit, artemque rudem plus satis atque deformem humanitatis præsidiis excoluit et illustravit. Igitur neque Grammaticam docuisse à consilio suo alienum arbitratus est, neque Græcos vertisse ingenii sui optimi indignum, dummodo cives suos ad discendum excitaret, dummodo medicinam tolleret humo et erigeret, dummodo medicis daret scientiam et dignitatem.

Cùm autem intellexerat probè vir prudentissimus Florentiæ hospes quantum com-

mune societatis vinculum, quantum hominum eandem artem exercentium ad literarum cultum conjuncta possent consilia, in patriam redux quotquot aut ingenio et eruditione ornatiores, aut arte suâ peritiores invenire potuit, in unum gregem et quasi familiam convocavit, eoque favore ac gratiâ usus, quâ apud WOLSEIUM (munificum illum universæ literaturæ patronum) pollebat, jure ac legibus consociavit, atque auctoritate regiâ communivit. Curâ ejus et sapientiâ Civitas hæc nostra et loco et institutis confirmata est—ab eo cautum est, quod certè cavendum erat maxumè, ne temerè quis et otiosè fieret Medicus—ab eo cautum est porro ne ægrotantibus postea conflictandum esset non modò cum morbis et doloribus, sed cum perniciosissimis quoque circulatorum fraudibus, et insciorum hominum audaciâ.

Quod felix autem faustumque fuit novæ

reipublicæ, LINACRO jam mortuo, non defuit alter maximis naturæ præsidiis munitus, æquâ in vos benevolentîâ, qui et dignitati vestræ prospiceret, et literas jam renatas indiesque novis adauctas incrementis, pari studio aleret atque foveret. CAIUM quippe impulit eadem mens iisdem disciplinis ex-culta LINACRI votis obsecundare sedulò, necessitudinemque inter medicinam ac literas auspicatò jam institutam strenuò confirmare. LINACRI itaque vestigia per Italiæ Academi-  
as secutus uberiores ibi Græcæ literaturæ fructus comportavit; et, quod sua præcipuè est laus, Anatomiam Florentiæ feliciter elaboratam primus in hanc regionem invexit, et docendo exposuit.

Parum autem CAIO actum fuisse visum est quod Anatomiae primus apud nostrates incuberat, quod GALENUM CELSUMQUE aptis commentariis illustraverat, nisi etiam Can-



tabrigiæ suæ perpetuum fundaret literarum domicilium—ex quo quanta virorum excellentium copia profluxerit, et indies profluit, aliis argumento esse debet gratulationis et gloriæ—Nos CAII votis cumulatissimè responsum fuisse scimus, quòd in istâ suâ domo prima labra scientiæ admoverit HARVEIUS ; quod intra istos suos parietes magnus ille vir mentis vires exercuerit et confirmaverit, et ad universam veritatis formam amplectendam erexerit.

A studio igitur umbratili, scholarumque disciplinis evocatus in solem atque pulverem, HARVEIUS ad investigationem naturæ totum se contulit—prudentissimèque decretum habens nihil in rebus Anatomicis opinari, nec quidquam verum credere, nisi quod aut sensu percipi, aut ex certis experimentis deduci atque colligi posset, tandem aliquando circuitum sanguinis, præclarissimum illud re-

pertum, explicuit demonstrando, totamque hominis fabricationem oculis subiecit.

Quantos ex hoc admirabili invento fructus perceperit res medica, etsi gratissimum esset prædicare, coram vobis tamen hodie, minùs insistendum censeo argumenti dignitate quàm rationum vi, et philosophandi methodo. In eâ, enim, quod HARVEIUS ab experimentis optimo consilio institutis, et ab observationibus ad naturam veritatemque factis, deductione facili, tandem iudicium tulerit, et sententiam proposuerit; in eâ, inquam, quid nisi Verulamii argumentandi rationem præoccupatam conspiciamus et præmonitam? quid nisi doctrinam illam, quam Posterì perfectam prorsus, atque omnibus numeris absolutam esse decreverunt, exemplo comprobata?

Atque equidem quam omni ex parte necessarium fuerit novam in Physicis ratio-

cinandi disciplinam instituisse, sanio remque de rerum veritate judicandi facultatem exercere, argumentum est instar omnium invidia quâ HARVEII laboribus undequaque obtrectatum fuit. Medici quippe eo tempore in antiquorum scriptis evolvendis omnino intenti, nihil aut ad usum accommodatum aut etiam fide dignum existimabant nisi quod ex GALENI libris expromendum esset — Cum verò de veritate inventi Harveiani nihil omnino dubitari posset, et sequentis ævi industriâ cordis, viscerumque, et cerebri structura penitiùs explorata esset, eandem demum philosophandi normam quâ in explicando corpore humano HARVEIUS erat usus, in morbis examinandis adhibuit SYDENHAMUS. Observationes igitur sapientis illius medici non ex opinionum commentis confictæ sunt, non ex ineptiis scholarum conflatae, sed ex ipso naturæ fonte derivatae

—Quoties, autem, ægrotantium res in medium proferre illi libuit, morborumque cursus describere, adeo sincerè omnia, adeo exquisitè ante oculos posuit, ut ipsi languentibus interesse atque assidere, ipsi fovere deficientes, ipsi remedia præcipere videamur.

SYDENHAMI vestigiis institit JOANNES FREIND, philosophus si quis alius, idemque egregiè, et præter cæteros literis imbutus. Huic viro laudi fuit illam attractionis vim quam in grandiore corporum cœlestium mole perspexerat NEWTONUS, summo cum judicio rebus Chemicis accommodâsse, et quicquid in theoriâ perplexum olim erat et obscurum legibus Newtonianis simplicissimè expediisse. Tantam intereà habuit doctrinæ varietatem atque copiam, ut earum disciplinarum, quæ (ut cum Celso loquar) ‘quamvis non faciunt Medicum, aptiorem tamen medicinæ reddunt,’ nullam non juvenis adhuc

excoluisset et illustrâsset—quas autem in medicinæ exercitatione maturior ætas et artis usus comprobaverat, eas omnes palàm fecit HIPPOCRATICA fide et elegantiâ.—At neque in sylvis Academî solùm philosophiæ studiis incubuit, at neque in otio et tranquillitate quicquid apud Græcos opinionum discrepantiis involutum fuerat, quicquid apud Arabas obscurum aut latius diffusum enodavit ille et explicuit, sed in maximis temporum angustiis, sed in asperitatibus rerum obsecutus est studiis suis, et quæ secundas res ornaverant, literæ adversis perfugium et solatium præbuêre.

Et profectò in Medicinæ atque Scientiæ damnum cessisset Medici omni laude cumulati mors immatura, nisi consiliorum Socio, eandem gloriæ viam prementi contigisset indoles in medicinam apprimè apta et conformata, acerrima studia, maximus usus.

MEADIUS equidem natus fuisse videtur in universæ doctrinæ emolumentum. Tanta illi fuit medendi peritia, tantus vitæ splendor et celebritas famæ, ut exterorum pariter atque suorum civium omnium oculos in se converteret, et quicumque vel scientiam vel sanitatem quærebant, ad illum universi confugerent, in illo spes omnes reponerent. Videre videor sapientem senem doctissimorum hospitem frequentiâ circumfusum, de maximis et gravissimis quæstionibus pulchrè disserentem, et veluti Platonem in Gymnasio conferendo docentem. Nimirum ille, Socii, artis vestræ splendorem adauxit magnoperè et amplificavit, et dignitatis patrimonium reliquit, et exemplar vitæ morumque dignum maxumè quod vos ipsi moribus vestris exprimatis.

Jam verò naturali quodam Orationis cursu ad nostra ferè tempora pervenimus ; tem-

pora, profectò, quæ, utcunque aliis ex partibus, iniquitatibus rerum atque hominum ineptiis satis, et plusquam satis, laborare videantur, Medicinæ tamen simplicis istius atque legitimæ veterem dignitatem non imminuerunt. Habuimus certè vel nostris oculis obversatos, immò habemus etiamnum, de quibus, sive ingenii acumen, sive literarum copiam intueamur, summo jure gloriari possumus. Etenim, ut ad eum me convertam quem intra triennium desideravimus, ecquis erat unquam scientiâ morborum locupletatus magis, vel magis curatione exercitatus; ecquis erat unquam qui suavi illâ sermonis et morum humanitate, quæ in ipso remediorum loco haberi potest, ecquis erat unquam qui WARRENUM superabat? Erat illi ingenii vis maxuma, perceptio et comprehensio celerrima, judicium acre, memoria perceptorum tenacissima. Meministis, Socii,

quam subtilitèr, et uno quasi intuitu res omnes ægrotantium perspiceret penitùs et intelligeret! in interrogando quàm aptus esset et opportunus, quàm promptus in expediendo! Omnia etenim artis subsidia statim illi in mentem veniebant, et nihil ei novum, nihil inauditum videbatur.— In eâ autem facultate quâ consolamur afflictos, et deducimus perterritos à timore, quâ languidos incitamus, et erigimus depressos, omnium Medicorum facilè princeps fuit; et si qui medicamentis non cessissent dolores, permulcebat eos, et consopiebat hortationibus et alloquio.

. . . . 'stetit urna paulùm  
Sicca, dum grato Danaï puellas  
Carmine mulcet.' HOR.

Verùm ea est quodammodo artis nostræ conditio, ut Medicus, quamvis sit eruditus, quamvis sit acer et acutus in cogitando,



quamvis sit ad præcipiendum expeditus, si fuerit idem in moribus ac voluntatibus civium suorum hospes, parum ei proderit oleum operamque inter calamos et scrinia consumpsisse. WARRENS autem in omni vitæ et studiorum decursu, si quis unquam alius, Pallade dextrâ usus est, atque omnium quibuscum rem agebat mentes sensusque gustavit; et quid sentirent, quid vellent, quid opinarentur, quid expectarent arripuit, percepit, novit. Tantam denique morum comitatem et facilitatem habuit, ut nemo eo semel usus esset Medico, quin socium voluerit et amicum.

Atque hîc loci, pro more mihi liceret Orationi hodiernæ finem facere; quandò verò unde initia cœperim in memoriam revoco; quandò non modò honestam illam mecum reputo, sed necessarium ferè medicinæ cum literis et philosophiâ conjunctio-

nem, nequeo Illustrissimum Virum \* præ-  
termittere, qui vivo exemplari suo ad majora  
nos provocat atque incendit. Vidistis eum  
nuperrimè summum apud vos magistratum  
summâ cum laude tenentem; et dum eo  
munereungebatur, novistis Pharmacopœiæ  
renovandæ quàm totum se dederit.—Audi-  
vistis eum, hâc ipsâ ex cathedrâ, incorruptâ  
Romanæ dictionis sanitate, et eloquentiâ  
Ciceronianæ ætatis non indignâ, nostrorum  
Medicorum æterna statuere monumenta.  
Scripta ejus in manibus atque in deliciis  
habetis, quæ sive rei propositæ explicatio-  
nem, et, quæ vera dicitur, Philosophiam  
spectes, sive verborum pondera et venus-  
tates, inter pulcherrima collocanda sunt, ne  
dicam Medicinæ solùm, sed universæ eru-  
ditionis ornamenta. Inter alia testari licet  
libellum egregiè scriptum de Catarrho et

\* Georgium Baker, Baronetum.

Dysenteriâ, morbis ejusdem anni epidemicis —et etiam Dissertationes\* illas de Colicâ Pictonicâ—in quibus singularis morbi historia ab omni ferè antiquitate ad hæc usque tempora deducitur, et ejus causa non nisi simplex et una esse monstratur. At mitto plura, et mori Antiquorum obsequor, qui non nisi Solis occasu Heroibus suis sacra faciebant.

Cum autem de virtute nondum ex oculis sublatâ apud nos agitur, ecquis est, Auditores, cui non mentem statim subeat Vir† ille egregius, multisque nominibus colendus, qui spatio vitæ ultra communem vivendi conditionem protracto, et æqualibus ferè superstes nec ingenio suo acri et acuto, nec subtili judicio, nec rerum memoriæ, nec

\* Vide Acta Coll. Medic.

† Gulielmus Heberden, anno ætatis ferè nonagesimo.

amori literarum, nec denique pietati in hanc domum etiamnum superfuit?—Ille, nimirum, cui artem exercenti Medicorum gens adsurgebat omnis—quem omnes in antiquâ literaturâ versati imprimis habent—quem Physici agnoscunt suum. Talem virum et vivere, et valere, et nostrum esse nobismet gratulari licet. Quid memorem *Acta Collegii Medicorum* (nescio quo mala fato intermissa) ipso auctore primùm instituta esse, ipso duce incepta? Aut quid collaudem aureas istas observationes, non aliunde quam ex naturâ et experimento haustas, quas ille in paginas istas, tanquam in commune medicinæ ærarium coniecit? Sed me reprimo, ne rei captus dulcedine, in arêâ tam latè patenti nimis ultra terminum excurram.

Valeas, itaque, fortunate Senex! otioque literato, et doctorum hominum colloquiis, et

vitæ tuæ anteactæ recordatione diu perfruaris ! insigne Medicis exemplum relicturus, amplam dicendi materiem Oratori.

Deficeret verò priùs patientia vestra quam hodierna Oratio, si in latiori campo spatari vellem, eosque singillatim complecti qui merendo vos memores sui fecerunt ; qui ad artem medicam, quâ egregiè præstabant, literas eas omnes reconditiores, et ea humanitatis studia adjunxerunt, quæ hominem ingenuum ornare possunt, quibus denique acceptum referendum est quòd salutaris hæc Professio, quæ apud exteros vix homine liberali digna habetur, in Angliâ nondum evolverit. Populare arbitrium in famam et fortunas Medicorum dominatum esse, et favorem publicum indignis non rarò contigisse jam olim questus est HIPPOCRATES ; eidem artis conditioni apud suos indoluit

GALENUS. Profectò, Socii ornatissimi, si isti Patres medicinæ in vivis forent, hæc nostra tempora ab antiquis non prorsus discrepare agnoscerent ultrò et testarentur—neque enim quemquam vestrûm latet homunciones quosdam nec doctos nec eductos liberè, etiam illotis manibus, medicinæ altaria tangere ausos esse, et stupore vulgi factos nobiles, rapido cursu pervenisse ad gratiam, ad famam, ad amplitudinem. Ita inauspicatò fit, ut ingenio ritè nutrito, multiplici rerum cognitione, probitate, et modestiâ priorem aliquando sedem teneant frons perfricta, sedulitas, obsequium, assentatio. Sed de his mentem avertere liceat, et reipublicæ LINACRI laudare fortunas, quæ civibus jam nunc abundet quales ipse sibi successores voluisset—Vos pergite in istâ quam instituistis viâ ; pergite artem vestram

diligentiâ excolere, tueri auctoritate, ornare moribus—nec satis sit vobis hæreditatem à majoribus acceptam posteris integram et incontaminatam tradere, nisi et detis operam ut per vos ipsos locupletentur Posterì.

Oro, denique, vos et obtestor, ut fixum animo et quasi insculptum habeatis medicinam liberalem unà cum literis renatam esse, nec nisi cum literis interituram.





ORATIO IN COLLEGII REGALIS MEDICORUM  
LONDINENSIS ÆDIBUS NOVIS

HABITA DIE DEDICATIONIS, JUNII XXV. M.DCCC.XXV.

ETSI non vereor, Socii, ut vobis hoc festo die satisfaciam, quippe qui me tam benigno semper soliti sitis animo amplecti; quique operam curamque meam, qualescunque eademum fuerint, in rebus vestris administrandis tam comiter omni tempore acceperitis; cùm me tamen tantâ doctorum Hospitum frequentiâ circumfusum video—cùm tot apud nos conspicio utriusque Senatûs lumina, tot publici consilii Auctores, tot Regiæ prosapiæ Principes—atque, hos inter, illustrissimum illum Principem, rei militaris

nostræ præsidium et decus,—pertimescere me, confiteor, et parum abesse, quin me muneris hodie suscepti pœniteat. Quâ nimirum ratione, dicendo aliquid proferam eorum auribus et iudicio dignum, qui, in maximis Imperii negotiis versati, inter eloquentissimos in curiâ eloquentiæ palmam facile ferant? Quomodò eorum pertrectem animos, aut conciliem nobis eos, qui, etsi prima labra admoverint istis iisdem scientiæ fontibus, quibus et nosmetipsi in almâ Aca-  
demiâ proluimus, ad majora tamen et ad altiora se continuò accinxerint, et nihil ultrà, in omni vitæ et studiorum decursû, aut commune nobiscum aut cognatum habuerint? Quod sperandum tamen esset ab istâ benignitate, quæ honesti nihil ac liberalis à se alienum putat, id hodie, Optimates, voluntas in nos vestra comprobavit; et ex hôc magno illustrium virorum conventû planè intelligere

licet, quanti faciant illi utilissimam et antiquissimam hanc artem nostram, et quantâ eam benevolentîâ, quanto favore prosequi velint.

Audacter igitur et hilari voce gratulor vobis, Socii, quòd hocce templum Apollinis dignum institutis et arte vestrà, dignum Antecessoribus vestris, dignum hâc illustri Procerum coronâ refecistis,—quòd è colluvione et tenebris emersi, tandem aliquandò in luce iterum et in splendore versamini.

Probè nôrant Majores nostri, quàm omni ex parte necessarium esset, Domum suam, unde procederent in publicum auctoritatis signa, in urbanâ frequentîâ, in congressione hominum, et in oculis civium posuisse. Jacta sunt igitur fundamenta Trojæ nostræ, (quam, temporum ratione et inclinatione ducti, non sine Diis Penatibus tamen, reli-

quimus,) eâ amplitudine et dignitate, quibus arx et præsidium publicæ salutis esse deberent. Immò, ità jacta sunt à viris prudentissimis, ut, dum necessitatibus rerum suarum commodè et eleganter inservirent, et jucundissimæ isti Sociorum convictioni satisfacerent, voluntatem eadem et reverentiam populi sibi vindicarent. Jacta sunt autem et auspicatò et temporibus æquis. Quippe civilis belli molestiis et tempestatibus successerat modò Pax; et Pacis comites Otiique sociæ sunt Artes liberales. Medicina igitur, quæ jam inde ab ætate Linacri, necessitudinem cum litteris arcissimam habuerat, philosophiam quoque tum demum amplexa, scientiæ dignitatem adepta erat. Circuitum etenim sanguinis aliquot ante annos detexerat et demonstraverat HARVEIUS istâ ipsâ philosophandi methodo, quam solam esse

sanam et sinceram docuerat Verulamus, posterì autem perfectam prorsùs atque omnibus numeris absolutam esse decreverunt.

Quantum contulerit ad philosophiæ istius, in quâ de Naturâ disputatur, studium incitandum admirabilis humani corporis fabricatio adeò felici solertiâ patefacta et exposita, non necesse est hodie dicere. Quod nobis certè rebusque nostris suprâ omnia felix faustumque fuit, eo tempore quotquot essent in Physicis subtilissimi, quotquot in rerum causis exponendis exercitatissimi, ii Regio hortatû coierant, et in inclytam istam Societatem cooptabantur, è quâ, ceu fonte perenni, profluxit (et, Præsidente isto eximio duce atque auspice, profluit indies, atque in omne porrò ævum profluxura est) omnigena Scientia, et quicquid ad artium incrementa, aut ad vitæ cultioris utilitatem possit conferre.

Nec sanè mirandum est, Socii, quoniam

cum hoc genere philosophiæ magnam habet familiaritatem Medicina, non minimam partem egregiæ istius Societatis medicam fuisse artem professos. Sumere autem vobis superbiam licet, quòd vestri fuerunt Entii, Cronii, Scarburii, Glissonii (quorum ut erat quisque suæ artis peritissimus, ità naturæ interpretandæ scientissimus); quòd vestri sunt hodie, qui Chemiam altiùs scrutentur et perspiciant, ‘qui errantium stellarum cursus, progressiones, institutiones’ feliciter notent et intelligant.

Hâc opportunitate temporis antiquæ nostræ conditæ sunt ædes; quæ ut sit ‘eadem nostræ fortuna Domûs,’ faxit Deus Optimus Maximus!

Nec temerè et inconsultò in his precibus spem ponimus, quoniam nostra hæc Respublica optimis temperata est legibus et institutis, et in omni recto studio atque hu-

manitate versamur. Neque enim quemquam prius civitate nostrâ donamus, quàm disciplinis iis veteribus (quæ, etsi non faciunt medicum, aptiorem tamen Medicinæ reddunt) instructus fuerit; quàm eruditione, viro libero dignâ, penitus fuerit imbutus; quàm quid medicum deceat, quid omni ex parte pulchrum sit et honestum, didicerit. Longè enim aliud est in Materiâ Medicâ exercitatum esse, aliud mederi.

Nec majore studio, nec spe uberiore, nec amplioribus aut ad gratiam aut ad dignitatem præmiis commoti, hoc opus susceperunt Antecessores nostri, quàm quibus et nos hodierno die. Quidni enim? Pecuniam à prudentissimis et integerrimis Testamenti Radcliviani Curatoribus accepimus, ('non parcâ manu suffectam, sed liberâ,') quali ipse Radclivius munificentissimus, si in vivis

foret, civibus suis, quos dilexit, quibus ipse vicissim in deliciis fuit, largiendo suppetasset. O fortunatum Radclivium, et, si quis alius, invidendum! cujus virtuti licuerit et in vitâ et in morte humano generi benefacere.

Nec vestro caruimus patrocínio, Illustres publici consilii Auctores! Quippe vos, felicis hujusce gentis famæ consulentes, et salutis vitæque civium prospicientes, non alienum à prudentiâ aut à dignitate vestrá duxistis, nostris votis respondere, nostris rebus opitulari. Quòd igitur ab optimo Rege situm, ubi hoc artis nostræ theatrum, idemque bonarum litterarum domicilium, statueremus, vestram operam, favorem vestrum apud Principem interponendo, procuravistis; summas, quas possumus, gratias agimus, summas semper acturi,—dum hæc mœnia



durando perstabunt, dum salutaris hæc professio laudem apud Britannos et observantiam habebit.

Sed, quod maximum est, Socii, et suprâ omnia dona, quemcunque Vos in Præsidis locum elegeritis, Rex eum statim Regiorum Medicorum ordini adscribi jussit; sacram scilicet suam valetudinem vestris consiliis, vestræ curæ tuendam commissurus.

Si quis hujus beneficii gratiam institutis nostris, et disciplinis iis deberi putet, quas Majorum nostrorum sapientia, ad Medicinam ritè et decorè exercendam necessarias esse statuit; næ is nec ineptè neque sine consilio judicat. Recordamini etenim, Socii, quanta inter bella, quantam inter victoriarum messem, pacis studia, doctrinam, et litteras humaniores Pater Patriæ foverit atque aluerit; quali benignitate studiis iis deditos acceperit; quali honore memoriam eorum

prosecutus sit, qui vitam per artes inventas excoluêre.

At quanti Rex bonus ille noster litteras faciat, argumentum est instar omnium Bibliotheca ista eximia à venerando Patre comparata, quam in jus Populi cedere voluit. O magnificum et vere Regium munus ! et à Te Principe uno post tot sæcula publicæ utilitati concessum ! O sapienter factum ! Probè etenim nôras, quantum illud ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, quod Bibliothecæ magni illius Ægypti Regis inscriptum fuit, ad conformandas hominum mentes animosque valeat ; quantum nos ad virtutem percipiendam colendamque moveant illustrium virorum imagines, ab omni vetustate litteris proditæ ; quantum ad leges et instituta nostra pernoscenda, et ad æstimandam veram istam libertatem nostram ab illis oriundam, conferat veterum rerum publicarum contemplatio ;

quantum denique homini dignè de seipso sentire, dignè agere, suadeat scientia.

Te igitur, augustissime Rex ! quòd in periculosissimis temporibus totam ferè Europam, cùm diuturno et difficili bello premeretur ab acerrimo hoste, non debellando nisi à nostro Duce numquam victo, in libertatem et tranquillitatem vindicaveris, et, quantum cæteris gentibus militari gloriâ præstant, tantum tuos in artibus quoque Pacis antecellere volueris,—Te omni benevolentia complectimur,—Te grato semper animo colemus,—Te admirabimur,—Te amabimus,—nec de Tuis unquam laudibus posterì conticescent.

Quodcunque Antecessoribus nostris visum fuerit in ædificandâ Domo suâ moliri, id omne nos sedulò conati sumus in reficiendâ. Habueruntne igitur illi conclave, ubi Censores pro auctoritate et dignitate suâ con-

gredi possent? Habemus. Num Theatrum exstrui voluerunt, in quo solennes eorum, qui merendo nos memores sui fecerint, laudationes instaurare possent; aut in quo, si placuisset, medicinæ studiosos instituerent docendo? Nos etiam exstruximus; quam nostrum est potius de doctis iudicium facere, quàm indoctos docere. An Cœnaculum adparaverunt, ubi corpus commodè et jucundè reficerent Socii; et Bibliothecam aptam et concinnam, ubi, negotiis atque urbano opere defessi, vacui curâ ac labore, liberæ animi remissioni indulgerent? Adparavimus nos quoque. Quin vos dicite, Illustrissimi Auditores, (vos etenim perspexistis,) annon libri, imagines, quodcunque denique sit Atticum, apud nos etiam Atticè sint adservata.

Provisum est porrò nobis, quod Antecessoribus nostris admodum deerat, Museum;

in quo reponamus quicquid, ex Anatomîâ petatum, humanæ fabricationis structuram, morbo læsam vitiatamque, explicet. Quantum medicinæ inservire possint (et certè plurimum possunt) rationes ex Anatomîæ fontibus depromptæ, dudum perceperat Harveius: et, si vitæ ejus utilissimæ parcere voluisset Deus O. M., non dubitandum est quin Ipse eadem fundamenta supellectilis Anatomicæ posuisset, quæ nuperrimè summâ cum judicii et liberalitatis laude posuit Matthæus Baillie.

In hoc dilecto nomine fas sit mihi commorari paulùm, et dolere, quòd huic excellenti viro, tot annos in eâdem nostrâ illâ laboriosissimâ vitæ ratione comiti, socio, amico, singulari in hanc domum pietate, hisce comitiis celebrioribus, huic solemnitati, huic illustrissimorum et nobilissimorum Hospitum cœtui non licuerit interesse; quanquam eum

famæ satis diù vixisse scio, æternæ felicitati, quod humillimè spero, benè satis. Et enim, patre usus pio, à primâ usque adolescentiâ in explorando corpore humano fuerat versatissimus; et ex hâc studiorum ratione sapientiam et potentiam Dei maximâ admiratione, summâ veneratione contemplatus est. Postea verò, cùm ad medicinam exercendam se accinxisset, facilè sensit, quantulùm corpori, morbis et ægrâ valetudine laboranti, subventurus esset Medicus, nisi qui animi quoque motus, vires, adfectus, perciperet: animi, scilicet, unius et ejusdem cum corpore, tamen diversi,—consociati cum illo, sed distincti,—in ejus compagibus inclusi et involuti, nihilominùs tamen liberi—immortale quid perpetuò præsistentis atque præmonentis, et illud futurum cupientis, tamen et metuentis. Ab his contemplationibus potentiæ ac majestatis divinæ ad debitum

numini cultum præstandum incitatus est, ad fidem in Deo habendam, et ad totum se ei submittendum. Hinc pia illa vivendi regula, hinc spectata integritas. Hinc illi omnia graviter, humaniter, amabiliter mos erat cogitare;—hinc, quod cogitaverat, planissimè ac verissimè dicere;—hinc nihil alteri facere, quod sibi faciendum nollet;—hinc candor, caritas:—sed me reprimo; quanquam haud vereor, Optimates, ne vobis in præstantissimi hujus viri laudibus longior fuisse videar: quippe vestrùm quamplurimi sanitatem ejus judicio et consiliis acceptam refertis. Nec timeo, ne mihi succenseatis, Socii, quòd eum his saltèm accumulaverim donis, qui tantum sibi vestrùm omnium amorem vivus conciliaverit; qui industriæ, benevolentiae, sanctitatis, innocentiae exemplum (quod omnes utinam imitemur!) reliquerit.

Vos, autem, illustres Animi! qui dudùm, corporis vinculis soluti, piâ atque æternâ



pace fruimini,—Vos, Linacer, Cai, Harvei, Radclivi (quorum recordatio hoc festo die suavior apud nos et jucundior superest,) testor Vos, vestrâ sapientiâ fretos, vestris usos consiliis, vestrum hoc opus nos refecisse. Vos, olim, Græcarum litterarum lumen ab Italiâ in patriam transtulistis. Vos primi Medicos, doctos et eductos liberè, in civitatem hanc nostram benè moratam et legibus constitutam collegistis. Vos medicinam, explicato sanguinis revolubili cursu, rationalem fecistis, atque optimis hominum ingeniis dignam. Sic Artis Medicæ suus indies crevit honos; sic domus antiqua stetit inconcussa.

Nostrûm erit hæreditatem à vobis acceptam successoribus nostris integram et incontaminatam tradere: Nostrûm erit de Medicinâ, de Litteris, de Religione benè mereri. Sic nova hæc Domus stabit perpetua: Sic nostrûm quoque, et hujusce diei, grata et honoranda delabetur ad posteros memoria.



ORATIO EX HARVEII INSTITUTO.

INVITUS dolensque prodeo coram vobis, Socii, solemni munere functurus, alteri eheu ! frustra demandato, quem mors immatura præripuit. Doleo et acerbè fero tam inopinatum casum ; sed me recreat et reficit consessus hic, et conspectus vester. Cum enim intueor et contemplor unumquemque vestrûm, neminem in hoc Sociorum numero video, quem non TUTHILLII integerrima vita, modestissimi mores, summa fides, innocentia, sibi devinxerint ; neminem qui tantam pietatem, et virtutem ex oculis sublatam, desiderio non prosequatur.

TUTHILLII valetudo, a primâ usque pueritiâ tenera et inconstans, subitò in discrimen præcipitata est insalubri nuper aëris constitutione, et asperâ arteriâ graviter inflammatione correptâ, spiritus, ægrè, et non nisi magno labore ac nisu, dies sex noctesque ducitur. Tandem ad tracheam cultro anatomico incidendam, tanquam ad sacram anchoram, ipso hortante, confugimus. Sed frustrâ—nam peracto vix ac ne vix quidem opere consumptus est.

O! incertam vitæ conditionem, et inania artis nostræ subsidia! Quæ vanâ nos spe producunt, et, tacto prope littore, mediis in fluctibus obruunt!

Erant in TUTHILLIO plurimæ litteræ, nec eæ vulgares, sed reconditæ. Erant illi ex severâ disciplinâ derivata et penitùs animo infixæ ea Matheseôs principia, quæ ad philosophiam colendam planè necessaria sunt.

Testis est Cantabrigia, quæ primi ordinis honores ei detulerat. Testes vos estis, qui in Pharmacopœiâ istâ olim condendâ, et in alterâ jam in lucem proditurâ, auxilium ejus apprimè utile cognovistis — et quicquid e Chemiâ feliciter hauserat summâ modestiâ, summo tamen studio prolatum.

Erat in illo, porrò, gravitas, sine severitate, et cunctatio quædam respondendi, ut nihil non consideratum exiret ab ore. Accedebat, etiam, judicium acre, limatum, exercitatum, et benignitas quædam et clementia quæ eum ad mentis morbos tractandos præ cæteris aptum habilemque reddiderant.

Cogitanti mihi de hâc re, mirum sæpe visum est quâ de causâ Medici hodierni partitionem hanc artis nostræ fecerint, seposuerintque eos qui animi affectibus subvenire soleant, ab iis qui in morbis corporis cu-

randis exercitati fuerint. Quid enim? Cum Homo confletur ex animo et corpore, nil patitur illud quin hic quoque in consortium mali trahatur. Porrò nemo poterit esse Medicus omni laude cumulatus nisi fuerit omnium animi motuûm æque et ægrotationum corporis scientiam consecutus. Tolendos igitur hos limites esse puto, et philosophiam Medicinæ sociam et ministram, uti admonet Hippocrates, adsciscendam; nec in Pharmacopolarum officinis tantum, sed in scholis quoque sapientûm, quærenda remedia malorum; quod comprobatur etiam Horatii effatum:

‘Sunt verba et voces quibus hunc lenire dolorem  
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.’

Nec minore desiderio lugemus MATONUM ante diem abreptum—mitem, gravem, et artis suæ peritum. Erat enim cùm instructus optimè, tum etiam scientiâ atque usu per-

fectè planèque Medicus. Quantum in rebus Chemicis investigandis præstiterat TUTHILIUS, tantum antecelluit MATONUS in Botanicis—nec extitit unquam quisquam majori in hanc domum pietate, nec cui dignitas vestra carior esset; aut quo adjutore consiliorum nostrorum in ægrorum miseriis sublevandis uti potius gaudebamus. Etenim mores ei candidi et ingenui ultrò nos alliciebant, non emolumento captantes aliquo, sed trahentes suâ vi et dignitate; nam quod decens et honestum esset facilè percipiebat, nec alteri faciebat unquam quod sibi faciendum noluisset.

Quod liberos non habuit quibus et patrimonium paterni nominis, et opes relinqueret, moderatio rei familiaris in suum usum definita erat, nec tam facultatem et copiam expetendam putabat, quam et in utendo rationem, et, quod famam nondum adeptis

interest, in carendo patientiam.—Salve æternum, amicissime Vir! æternumque vale!

Nec ingratum fore censeo vobis, Socii, si in altero nomine paulum immorer, et in tuos cineres, RICARDE POWELL! ‘purpureos spargam flores.’ Tu etenim de Pathologiâ quædam optimè perpensa protulisti. Et in medicinâ administrandâ optimorum Magistorum vestigiis insistens Naturam ducem semper secutus es, et quosdam nervorum morbos proprio Marte debellâsti. Hæc Acta nostra litteraria intuenti facile patent—Hæc Nosocomii S<sup>cti</sup>. Bartholomei memorabilia testantur et confirmant. Tuus est honos igitur in ærarium nostrum, quicquid potuisti, conjecisse; tua laus, aliquantulum de miseriis et doloribus humanæ conditionis detraxisse. Nec levis est illa quidem, nam quorum ingeniis hæc referuntur accepta, ab iis, et Collegii nostri, et patriæ fama adaucta est.

Sed neque finis luctui nostro aut modus priùs esse debet, quàm HENRICUM AINSLIE, æqualem mihi, eundemque amicissimum deflevero. Is cum Cantabrigiæ suæ prima labra scientiæ admovisset, ibi tam pleno se proluit haustu, ut præstantissimorum et summi ingenii atque industriæ juvenum, actis examinationibus facilè Princeps salutaretur, fratre suo majore natu proximum honoris locum obtinente. Hisce sub auspiciis, cum ad medicinam exercendam se accinxisset, quis non ei pateret aditus ad opes, ad famam, ad amplitudinem? Omnes omnia bona dicere, et laudare fortunas Medici, cui visa sunt et fausta omnia ac felicia in procinctu stare.

At ea est tamèn, quodammodo, artis nostræ conditio, ut Medicus, quamvis sit eruditus, quamvis sit in omni scientiâ ad artem suam pertinente, instructissimus, si fuerit

idem in consuetudine vitæ et in moribus ac voluntatibus civium suorum hospes, parùm ei proderit oleum operamque inter calamos et scrinia consumpsisse.

Æger lecto sternitur moriturus; fractus viribus tum animi, tum corporis, in te, Medicum, defigit oculos, in te uno spem omnem boni, si quid boni fortassis etiamnum sperandum sit, reponit. Quid agendum? Dubitasne? cunctatio ista frigiditas est, mora mors. Non est hic dubitandi locus, non philosophandi, sed agendi.

Alter arcessitur Medicus — convenitur — de ægro actum est planè, et conclamatum — sed iudicium novi medici promptiùs et studiosiùs oblatum, sed officiosa quædam sedulitas movent et conciliant animos assidentium, et perfricta frons isto favore et observantiâ perfruitur, quam modestia, candor et vera ac sana Medicina desideraverant frus-



trà. Ita multa nos, et in nostris rebus  
fefellerunt, sed ea est hominis natura, et erit;

‘ Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi;’

si vis me fidem ponere in remediis tuis, næ!  
te tuam fidem in medicinâ tuâ ponendam  
postulo.

Et RICARDO POWELL, et HENRICO AINSLIE,  
utrique contigit, in medio vitæ cursu, et in  
maximâ utriusque utilitate, morbo defecisse;  
huic vesicæ hæmorrhagiâ, illi paralysi.—  
Num id incommodo eorum et detrimento,  
an potius lucro apponam? Lucro sanè;  
Mens etenim humana præsentire in poste-  
rum amat, et in futurum cupit prospicere.  
Sed in hac festinatione urbis ac vitæ, in hac  
ambitionis occupatione et contentione, earum  
rerum contemplationem, ad quas seriò et  
præcipuè animum intendere debemus,  
quippe quæ ad immortalitatem, et æternam

nostram felicitatem spectant, facilè differre solemus, quia, quanquam aliorum officiis otiosi semper simus, nobismet ipsis, tamen, nostrisque curis nunquam vacamus. Imperanda est igitur, et cogenda præteriti temporis accurata recordatio, ut vitæ futuræ felicitas, certis conditionibus promissa nobis, pietate et pœnitentiâ sedulo expetatur et elaboretur. Hoc iis emolumento fuit, hoc Dei Optimi Maximi benignitas voluit, et proptereà, forsàn, morbis eos plecti jussit.

Me, si Deo placuerit ingravescentibus annis, imbecillitate valetudinis impediri,—esto.—Id omne benevolentiaEjus acceptum referam. Sin otii fructus detur, cum sanâ mente in corpore sano, ad vitam anteactam recogitandam, et vestem, quasi colligendum, quemadmodum\* Imperatori ante cadendum

\* Cæsar Cassii brachium arreptum graphio trajecit; conatusque prosilire, alio vulnere tardatus est. Utque animad-

in Capitolio curæ fuit, ut decorè, et cum dignitate discederet, laudem Deo majorem, majoresque gratias debiturus solvam.

Hæc de iis jure prædicanda esse censui, quos, intra annum jam clausum, de vobis et de arte vestrâ benè meritos, mors, eheu ! deflenda, sustulit. Equidem non sum nescius hujusce temporis esse et loci præstantissimos ex annalibus nostris medicos, suâ quemque laude, prosecui ; id quod olim quâ potui diligentîâ sum egomet aggressus ; aliique Oratores vestri solemnî hâc laudatione, pleniùs ac meliùs, prosecuturi sunt. Sed detur occasionî venia, quippe verendum erat ne hi cari et æstimandi viri, quos novissimo desiderio ploravimus, debito suo præconio carituri essent ; atque ita eorum vertit, undique se strictis pugionibus peti, togâ caput obvolvit : simul sinistrâ manu sinum ad ima crura deduxit, quo honestius caderet, etiam inferiore corporis parte velatâ.—*Suetonius in vita Julii Cæsaris.*

fama ac memoria, quam vos tueri et conservare debetis, elapsa esset gradatim et disparuisset, illacrymabilis et obliviscenda.

Accipite, igitur, Socii, in bonam partem, quod vestrâ fretus indulgentiâ, ne solemne munus et salutare deesset, pro virili, Oratoris erepti partibus hodie fungi sim ausus.

Vivite et valetе !!

# NUGÆ METRICÆ:

BY

SIR H. HALFORD, BART., M.D.



LONDON:

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## P R E F A C E.

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MOST of the following trifles were written in the carriage, and served to beguile the tedium of many a long day spent in my professional pursuits. The resource was suggested in a conversation with the late Lord Grenville, who, after having been occupied incessantly in politics for nearly thirty years, was seized by illness, and confined to his arm-chair a great part of the remainder of his life. In this state I always found him not tranquil and cheerful only, as I might have expected from his habitual piety, but amused; and on my asking him the secret of this happy peculiarity, he answered, "I go back to my classics, Sir." The next day he sent me a copy of *His* "Nugæ Metricæ," printed but

not published, containing original exercises and translations, which bespeak a happy facility of composition, and a correct taste. I thought I could not do better than imitate such an example, and provide myself with a similar resource, connected with reminiscences of those early delightful studies, whenever my own power of further exertion should be terminated by age, or interrupted by such disease as might leave me in possession of my faculties.

H. H.



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NUGÆ METRICÆ.

## DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.—COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,  
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hour  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss and gather'd flower  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

Ritè tuum ad tumultum, dilecta Fidelia ! flores  
Liliaque et violas purpureasque rosas,  
Et quicquid dederit ver suavius, ordine tristi  
Et nymphæ et juvenes dona suprema ferent.

Nulla leves turbare feris ululatibus umbras  
Spectra, nec audebunt sollicitare locum ;  
Ast hîc, fassa puella suos, et pastor amores,  
Vota dabunt faciles, accipientque fidem.

Hîc nulli Lemures, obscœna Venefica nulla,  
Ducent nocturnos, gens odiosa, choros ;  
At Dryades, sylvæ mitissima turba, sepulcrum  
Spargent rore novo, sole cadente, tuum.

Prestò erit et sociam miscere rubecula curam,  
Vespere sub sero cum silet omne nemus ;  
Ille, ubi cara jaces, viridi sub cespite, Virgo !  
Fronibus et musco condecorabit humum.

When howling winds and beating rain  
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,  
Or midst the chase, on ev'ry plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed,  
Beloved, till life can charm no more,  
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

Cum tempestates cœlique tonitrua terrent,  
Ventorumque ruit vis, agitatque lares ;  
Cum sylvas inter venando ludimus, ad te  
Mens redit, ad fidam fida memorque tui.

Ah ! quoties tua forma mihi, loca sola petenti,  
Obvia se comitem fert, lacrymasque ciet !  
Flebilis heu ! dum vita placet, miserandaque semper,  
Donec erit terris pulsus et exul Amor.

## STANZAS ON WOMAN.—GOLDSMITH.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds, too late, that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To bring repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom—is—to die.

FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.



Si lapsa in vitium Virgo pulcherrima amantis  
Sit serò amissam flere coacta fidem,  
Dic, quibus illa modis possit mulcere dolorem,  
Quâ labem, infelix, eluat arte mali?

Infelix! quâ sola gravem lenire dolorem,  
Effugere opprobrium, dissimulare nefas,  
Flectere perjuri malefidum pectus amantis,  
Et lacerare potest, ars ea sola—mori.

## SONG FROM THE DUENNA.—SHERIDAN.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,  
I ne'er could injure you,  
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,  
Your charms would make me true.

Then, Lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer wrong,  
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
And lovers in the young.

And when they find that you have bless'd  
Another with your heart,  
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
And act a brother's part.

Si violare fidem mihi cor proclivius esset,  
    Crede mihi, me non posse nocere tibi.  
Quanquam etenim tua verba fidem me nulla ro-  
    gâssent,  
    Fecissent fidum forma decusque tuum.

Ergo pone metus, et fraudem parce vereri,  
    Neu timeas fictos in tua damna dolos :  
Cunctos nempe senes inter numerabis amicos,  
    Nec juvenis, qui te non amet, ullus erit.

Et cum te socio tandem devinxeris uni,  
    Protenùs ardentes, cætera turba, proci,  
Demittent æstum stimulosque Cupidinis omnes,  
    Fraternæque dabunt pignora amicitiae.

## POPE'S EPISTLE TO GAY,

WHO HAD CONGRATULATED HIM ON HAVING FINISHED  
HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS AT TWICKENHAM.

Ah friend! 'tis true, this truth yon lovers know,  
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;  
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes  
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens;  
Joy lives not here—to happier seats it flies,  
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.  
What are the gay parterre, the checquer'd shade,  
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,  
But soft recesses for uneasy minds,  
To sigh unheard in to the passing winds?  
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,  
Lies down to die—the arrow at his heart;  
He, stretch'd unseen, in coverts hid from day,  
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away!

Ah ! nam quid sit amor vos scitis, dicite amantes,

Quam, procùl a dominâ, gaudia nulla juvant.

Surgat ad astra domus, simuletque palatia, frustrà,

Hesperidum, frustrà, suavior hortus erit.

Frustrà, propter aquas, colles et amœna vireta

In vitreo Thamesis duplicat alta sinu.

Non hìc lætitiæ locus est, ea sola colenda

Quæ beat aspectu cara Maria suo.

Occiduo quid enim valuit mihi porticus, aut quid

Hortus et umbriferum sole oriente nemus ?

Quid nisi, quod tacito mens indulgere dolori

Saucia possit in his, et sine teste queri ?

Sic modò lethali transfixus arundine cervus

Sylvarum latebras, et loca tecta petit :

Ille inter gemitus miser et suspiria, tardâ

Guttatim effuso sanguine morte perit.

## FROM POPE'S ESSAYS.

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
And licks the hand upraised to shed his blood.

---

Me, let the tender office long engage  
To rock the cradle of reposing age ;  
With lenient art extend a mother's breath,  
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And save awhile one parent from the sky.

Anne dapes quem jàm poscunt, epulæque parandæ,  
    Provida si fuerit mens sibi, ludat ovis ?  
Lætus ad extremum florentia pabula carpit,  
    Lambit et armatas in sua colla manus.

---

Sit pia cura mihi longùm invigilare senectæ,  
    Et matri somnos conciliare leves ;  
Quâ possim eluctantem animam leni arte morari,  
    Et dulci alloquio fallere mortis iter.  
Explorare velit quid mens incerta, cavere  
    In cælum ut redeat serior una parens.

## FROM SHAKSPEARE.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts  
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
Which age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. ACT III.



Attamen, heu! quam triste mori! nec quo sit  
eundum

Scire priùs—positum clausâ putrescere in arcâ ;  
Membrorum sisti motus, alacremque vigorem  
In luteam solvi molem—quam triste! capacem . . .  
Lætitiæque jocique animam torrentibus uri  
Ignibus, aut montis\* claudi glacialis in alveo ;  
Suspensumve dari ventis, noctesque diesque  
Hùc illùc, invisâ vi, turbantibus orbem.  
Aut graviora pati, quam, quos cruciatibus actos  
Tartareas implere feris ululatibus umbras,  
Anxia mens hominum, mirum et miserabile !  
finxit—

Horrendum! quodcunque mali ferat ægra senectus,  
Pauperiesve dolorve gravis, tractæve catenæ,  
Omnia quæ possunt infestam reddere vitam,  
Esse voluptates lætæ Elysiumque videntur  
Spectanti mortem propè, venturumque timenti.

\* An iceberg.

## HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question ;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them ? To die—to sleep—  
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep—  
To sleep !—perchance to dream ; ay, there 's the  
rub ;

For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause : there 's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life :  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION.

Num vivam, moriarve omnis! præstantius utrum  
Esset, id in dubio est—num tela deceret iniquæ  
Fortunæ, plagasque pati—num opponere pectus  
Torrenti, finemque malis adhibere domando.  
Quippe, mori—dormire,—interque oblivia somni  
Quot mala cunque silent vitæ, sævique dolores  
Diffugiunt: miseris meta exoptanda laborum.  
Quippe, mori—dormire—esto, dormire—sed ultrâ  
Quid? quod si excipiant lethalem somnia noctem,  
Cum semel exuerit vitiosæ carnis amictum  
Conscia mens, culpasque vacet revocare priores,  
Quotquot longa dies, nimium, fors, longa tulisset—  
Hinc desiderium, terrorque hinc temporis acti!  
Ni foret, annorum casus questusque senectæ,—  
Turpe supercilium, atque odium crudele tyranni,  
Ambagesque moramque fori, fastusque superbi  
Prætoris, spretique immitia tormina amoris,

The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;  
But that the dread of something after death—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

HAMLET. ACT III.

Jactaque ab indignis convicia fœda merenti,  
Quis tulerit ? quis qui miseram sibi sistere vitam  
Posset acu ? quis clitellas sudare vehendo  
Se sineret fessum ? nisi quod mens inscia fati,  
Et perculsa metu venturi littore in illo  
Unde redux nemo, vestigia nulla retrorsùm,  
Hæreat, et notos mallet perferre labores,  
Quam temerè in tenebras ruere, ignotumque  
futurum.

Sic facit ignavos omnes mens conscia, forti  
Si quid inest animo durum, et par fortibus actis,  
Protenùs ambiguæ meditantì grandia curæ  
Succedunt, validæ vires et mascula virtus  
Pallescunt—incerta sibi mens quo sit eundum  
Ægra manet, tandemque ingentibus excidit ausis.

LINES WRITTEN BY LANGHORNE UNDER MR. BUN-  
BURY'S PICTURE OF THE DEAD SOLDIER.

[Sir Walter Scott had, once only, an interview with the poet Burns, whom he found wiping his eyes, having just read these lines.]

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,  
Perhaps, that mourner weeps her warrior slain.  
Bends o'er her babe, her eyes o'erwhelm'd with  
dew,  
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,  
Gave the sad presage of his future years—  
The child of misery baptized in tears.

LANGHORNE.

Stricta gelu, lacrymisque madens, post prœlia,  
mater

Infantem tenero dum foveat alma sinu,  
Vulneribus cæsum dolet heu ! viduata maritum,  
Et tam dilecto se superesse viro.

Incumbit puero lacrymans, puer inscius ipse  
Combibit admixtum lac lacrymasque simul,  
Ah ! puer, ah ! luctûs præsagia certa futuri,  
Nascere in lacrymis, et moriere miser.

ON A WHITE ROSE PRESENTED BY THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, A YORKIST, TO THE LADY ELIZABETH BEAUCHAMP, A LANCASTRIAN LADY — AS THE LEGEND HAS IT.

If this white Rose offend thy sight,  
 It in thy bosom wear,  
 'Twill blush to find itself less white,  
 And turn Lancastrian there.

CONGREVE is said to have added the following stanza :—

But if thy ruby lip it spy,  
 To kiss it should'st thou deign,  
 With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,  
 And Yorkist turn again.

---

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY NAMED ROSE.

Elle était de ce monde, où les plus belles,  
 Choses ont le pire destin ;  
 Et Rose vécut comme les roses  
 L'espace d'un matin.

MALHERBE.



Si, mea Cara ! tibi rosa non arriserit alba,  
Pone tuo nivibus candidiore sinu.  
Tùm, minùs alba, dabit manifesti signa pudoris,  
Atque erit ante oculos mox rosa rubra tuos.

Tu cave purpureis formosi gratia floris  
Eliciat labris oscula crebra tuis,  
Invida ne tanto vultusque orisque decore  
Palleat, et fiat, quæ fuit, alba rosa.

---

Ah Rosa ! fata vocant et quicquid amabile, quic-  
quid

Formosum, aut præstans sit, cadit ante diem ;  
Tuque peris, velutì rosa, flos suavissimus horti,  
Una dies flori contigit, una Rosæ.

## EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.—COLERIDGE.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
    Death came with friendly care,  
To heav'n the opening bud convey'd,  
    And bade it blossom there.

Ante nefas gemmæ quam decussisset honorem,  
Aut possent curæ surripuisse decus,  
Lenitèr ad cœlum facili mors transtulit ictu,  
Inque suo jussit sese aperire solo.

EPIGRAM BY DR. DODDRIDGE, ON HIS MOTTO,  
DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

Live while you live, the Epicure would say,  
And snatch the pleasures of the present day ;  
Live while you live, the sacred Preacher cries,  
And give to God each moment as it flies.  
Lord ! in my view let both united be !—  
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee !

Dr. Johnson called this one of the best epigrams  
in the English language.

## DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

Carpe voluptates, et dum licet, arripe luxus

Quot ferat hora fugax ; sic Epicurus ait.

Carpe diem, magnâ testatur voce Sacerdos.

Et totum corpus cede animamque Deo.

Sit tua jussa sequi, Deus o ! mihi summa voluptas,

Tùm laudem monito lætus utrique dabo.

TWO OF THE REJECTED STANZAS OF GRAY'S ELEGY  
IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

And thou ! who mindful of the unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
By night and lonely contemplation led  
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate ;

Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around  
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,  
In still small accents whispering from the ground  
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

SEE MASON'S LIFE OF GRAY.

Tuque memor ! sortem ingenuo qui carmine narras  
Functorum vitâ, temerè et sine honore jacentûm  
Cum contemplari juvet, et, crescentibus umbris,  
Nocte sepulorum solus peragrarè recessus,

Audin' ? ut hîc sancto afflatu, tranquillior æther  
Temperet effrænos animi quoscunque tumultus,  
Dum tenue assurgens viridi de cespite murmur  
Dat grata æternæ tandèm præsagia pacis.

Thomas ! because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed :—Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. .

---

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth : and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God : Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

JOB.



Tu, quia vidisti, credis—felicior ille  
Cui non visa fidem vulnera nostra cient.

---

Esse Redemptorem agnosco, cunctisque daturum  
Jus, illo quotquot sint fuerintve die.  
Et licèt absumar prorsùs, tellure repostus,  
Vermibus, haud ullâ parte manente mei,  
His oculis, tamen, his ipsis, coramque licebit,  
Vestitoque iterùm carne, videre Deum.

LINES SUGGESTED BY MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE  
OF BUONAPARTE,

IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

[Buonaparte is represented as standing at the edge of the rock at St. Helena, with his arms folded,—contemplating a white sail in the horizon. His back turned towards the spectator—the sun setting.]

Tristis, iners, solusque abrupto in limite rupis,  
Stat circumspiciens Exul, si fortè ratem quam  
Unda vehat, reditûs spem, perfugiumque ferentem.  
Circùm cuncta silent, non vox, non murmura ponti  
Percepta, occiduas dum Sol se condit in undas.  
Ah miser!—Ille diem referens vitamque resurget  
Splendidior cras, mane novo—Tu sanguine fuso,  
Criminibusque satur, solio detrusus ab alto,  
Divulsusque tuis, velut sub rupe Prometheus  
Fixus inaccessâ, morbo vexatus et irâ  
Conficiêre, miser! mortemque optabis acerbam.

## EPIGRAM.

The envious snows came down in haste  
To prove her neck less fair—  
But when they found themselves surpass'd,  
Dissolv'd into a tear.

---

Invida nix alpina Chloes candoris in ipsum  
Descendit nudum præcipitata sinum,  
Tum victæ aspectu, quin ! O ! quin cedimus, aiunt—  
Continuò in lacrymas dissoluere nives.

THE FOLLOWING LATIN INSCRIPTION WAS GIVEN  
BY DR. JORTIN AS AN ANTIQUE, TO TRY THE  
CRITICISM OF THE LEARNED.

Quæ te sub tenerâ rapuerunt Pæta juventâ  
Ah! utinàm me crudelia fata vocent,  
Ut linquam terras invisaque lumina Solis,  
Utque tuus rursùm corpore sim posito.  
Tu cave Lethæo continguas ora liquore,  
Et citò venturi sis memor, oro, viri.  
Te sequar obscurum per iter, dux ibit eunti  
Fidus amor, tenebras lampade discutiens.

DR. JORTIN.

## TRANSLATION OF THE SAME.

Ah! Pæta, would but fate, whose cruel doom  
Condemns thy charms so early to the tomb,  
Let me be number'd with the silent dead,  
And mine be re-united with thy shade!  
O, let no drop of that oblivious sea  
Approach thy lips, nor cease to think on me.  
I come! I come! Love shall his torch display,  
Lead where thou art, and light the gloomy way.

H. H.

## FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs, and God has given my share,  
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down,  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.  
I still had hopes, (for pride attends us still,)  
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill ;  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw.  
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from which at first she flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O ! blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
Retreat from care, that never must be mine ;  
How blest is he, who crowns in shades like these  
A youth of labour, with an age of ease.

Inter tot curas, luctusque ubicunque ferendos,  
Tot mala missa homini, pauca nec ista mihi,  
Sperabam hîc tandem metam reperire laborum,  
Et serò ad notos posse redire focos,  
Lentus ubi et tutus tererem moderatiùs horas,  
Et facerem placidos tardiùs ire dies.  
Utque, aliis præstare, placet juvenique senique,  
Sperabam agricolis grandia docta loqui.  
Quod fando audissem, et vidissem, stante coronâ,  
Omnia magniloquis enumerare modis.  
Utque lepus canibus pressus vestigia flectit,  
Vixque locum repetit, cœperat undè fugam,  
Sic ego, tot passus peregrino in littore casus,  
Nota peto moriens tecta meosque lares,  
O ! tranquilla quies, languenti grata senectæ,  
Quam tamen Omnipotens noluit esse meam.  
Felix cui licuit juveni exercere labores,  
Vallibus his tutos, otia longa seni.

Who quits a world, where strong temptations try,  
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.  
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep.  
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,  
To spurn imploring famine from the gate.  
But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,  
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,  
Whilst resignation gently slopes the way ;  
And all his prospects brightening to the last,  
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

GOLDSMITH.



Cui vitæ illecebras, nullâ virtute domandas,  
Fallere in his umbris, rite triumphus erat,  
Non jubet ille inopem penetrare in viscera terræ,  
Neu ponti, pro re, dira pericla pati.  
Illius occlusas fractis morboque fameque,  
Non sedet auratus janitor ante fores.  
Sancta placent sibi sola, Deus virtutis amico  
Annuit, ad finem prospicit ille suum.  
Tandem adeò facili lapsu descendit avitum  
In tumulum, gressus sustinet alma fides ;  
Cuncta senescenti rident, optataque cœli  
Gaudia supremam percipit ante diem.

## ANOTHER PASSAGE, FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
Here, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year.  
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place.  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour.  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain.  
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.  
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd.

Has propter sylvas, ubi quondam floruit hortus,  
Et rosa floret adhuc plurima sponte suâ,  
Hic ubi sparsa locum monstrant arbustula passim,  
Sancta ministrantis tecta stetero senis.  
Egregiè carusque suis gratusque propinquis,  
Et contentus agri fœnore dives erat.  
Maluit innocuam ruri consumere vitam,  
Nec tulerit caris fidus abesse suis,  
Corruptæ quid enim Romæ fecisset, ubi artes,  
Nesciret fictas ambitione malâ,  
Illi longè aliud visum est, humilique placebat  
Tollere humo miseros, et dabat ipse locum.  
Nota fuit cuicunque domus sua rure vaganti,  
Admonet errantes, hospitiumque parat.  
Sæpe refectus erat dudùm notissimus Iras,  
Cui canum attigerat squallida barba sinum.  
Et nunc pauper egensque, agnati nomine, parcam  
Prodigus implorans accipiebat opem,

The broken soldier, kindly bad to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were  
won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to  
glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe.  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.  
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,

Miles et emeritus, narrando prœlia longam

Fallebat noctem, garrulus ante focum—

Enumerabat enim martis discrimina, clavumque.

En ! ait attollens, en ! ita victor eram.

Hospitibus pastor lætus sperabat eorum

Crimina tam magnis esse pianda malis.

Immemor et vitiorum ergò, et virtutis, amicâ

Quærebat casus voce, dabatque prius.

Sic illi miseris succurrere summa voluptas

Immeritis quanquàm sæpe tulisset opem.

At vocat officium—promptus recreare labantes

Spem fovet afflictis, invigilatque toris.

Utque suos, quocunque modo, conscendere in  
altum,

Allicit imbelles sedula mater aves ;

Sic iter ad cœlum panditque docetque monendo,

Increpitatque moras duxque comesque viæ.

En ! sacer ad lectum moriens quò sternitur æger,

Et dolor et luctus anxia corda premunt,

Pastor adest, funditque preces—fugere dolores

Infandi et tristes disparuere metus—

The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.  
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place.  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd.

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,  
But all his serious thoughts had place in Heav'n.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Dant pia verba fidem misero, et solatia curæ,  
Et laudat linguâ deficiente Deum.  
Et cum festa dies solemnia jussa tulisset,  
Quam sancto facies apta erat illa loco !  
Dicta Dei potuere, illo testante, movere  
Cor durum, inque pias vertere probra preces.  
Exacto officio, pastori ritè ferebant  
Villarum patres omnia fausta bono ;  
Atque togam pueri vellebant lenitèr alnum  
Optantes risum participare senis.  
Risus erat qualem nato pater exhibet uni,  
Hunc bona lætarunt, condoluitque malis,  
Vota precesque dabat miseris, solamina luctûs,  
At sua commisit seria cuncta Deo.  
Ut mons sublimis, surgens e valle, procellas  
Cingentes medium despicit arce sinum,  
Inferiora licet nubes, et fulgura vexent,  
Æternâ splendet luce serenus apex.

## EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON, IN BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

Take, holy earth ! all that my soul holds dear—

Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave !  
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care

Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave,  
And died—Does youth, does beauty read the line ?

Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm ?  
Speak, dead Maria !—breathe a strain divine,  
Even from the grave, thou shalt have power to  
charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee,  
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;  
And if so fair, from vanity as free ;  
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,  
'Twas even to thee ; yet the dread path once trod,  
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,  
And bids ' the pure in heart behold their God.'

MASON.



Accipe dilectam super omnia, Terra ! Mariam,  
Quam dederat nuper, deripuitque Deus !  
Bristoliae comitem ad fontes, tristi omine, duxi  
Incubuit lymphis ægrè, obiitque diem.

Si tua formosæ, si firmâ ætate puellæ,  
Commoveant animo tristia fata metus,  
Eloquere O ! tu namque potes divinitùs, ipso  
Eloquere e tumulo, cara Maria, tuis.

Dic sint innocuæ, claræ pietate, pudore,  
Dic fidæ et gratae sint, similesque tui,  
Et, si te formâ referant, virtute, decore,  
Si vel amicitia, sint vel amore pares.

Agnoscas durum esse mori, plenumque timoris,  
Væ ! tibi erat durum fata suprema pati !  
His actis, cœli pandit se gloria sanctis,  
Et coram Omnipotens conspiciendus adest.

COWPER MET WITH THE FOLLOWING EPITAPH, WRITTEN BY A HUSBAND ON HIS WIFE, IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD, AND THOUGHT IT TOUCHING.

Thou wast too good to stay on earth with me,  
And I not good enough to go with thee.

Eriperis, tu ! sancta satis succedere cœlo—

Me miserum ! tecum non meruisse mori.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO IN HUDIBRAS.

Sir Hudibras—his passing worth—  
The manner how he sallied forth—  
His arms and equipage are shewn—  
His horse's virtues, like his own.—  
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle  
Begins—but breaks off in the middle.

Qualis Eques! quantusque Hudibras, præque omnibus esset—

Quo prodire modo placuit—queis utier armis,

Quali vectus equo, simili virtute parique

Ipsi animo.—Congressus atrox Ursæque Cremonæque

Incipit, at medio tamen in sermone fatiscit.

## INSCRIPTION—FOR A MAUSOLEUM.

Stranger ! by curious contemplation led,  
Whoe'er thou art, this solemn scene to tread,  
May no compunctious visitings annoy,  
No unrepented sins thy peace destroy,—  
No passing day wound with a Parthian dart,—  
But ev'ry hour fresh blessedness impart !  
Yet,—should some vice, indulged without con-  
trol,  
Peril thy future bliss, enthrall thy soul,  
O ! go not hence till thou hast sternly vow'd  
To sin no more—to thy Creator bow'd  
In contrite sorrow, and His aid implored,  
Who died—that sinful man to God might be  
restored !

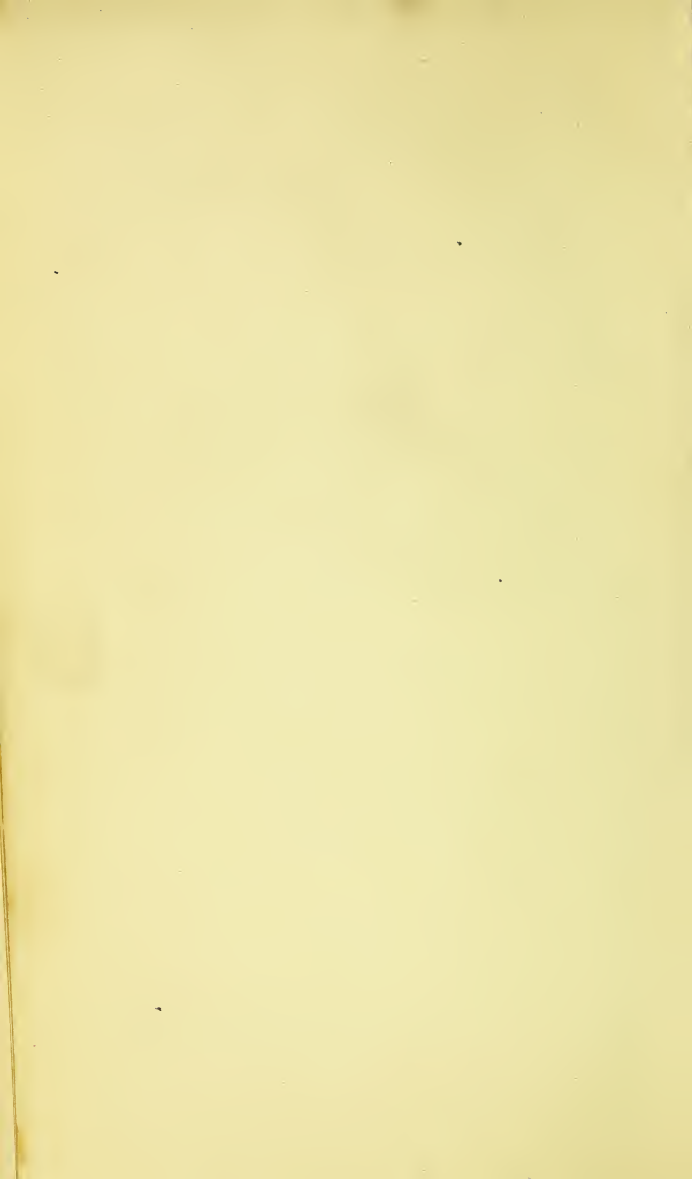


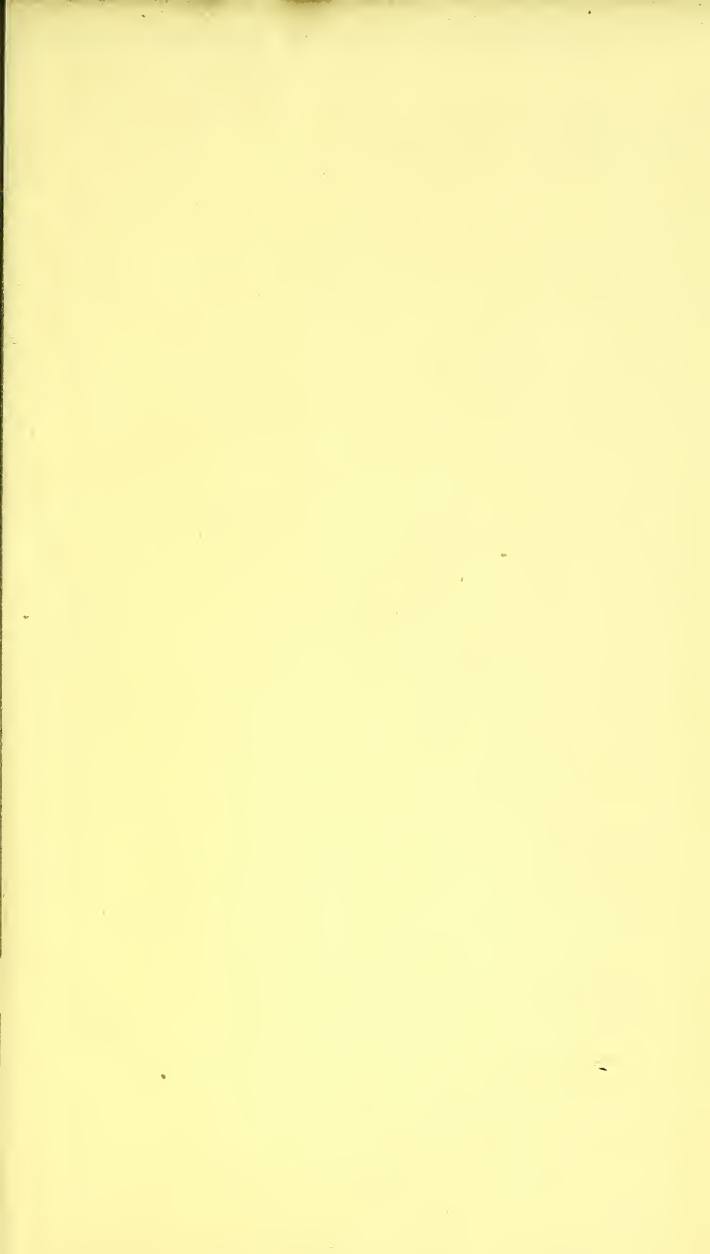


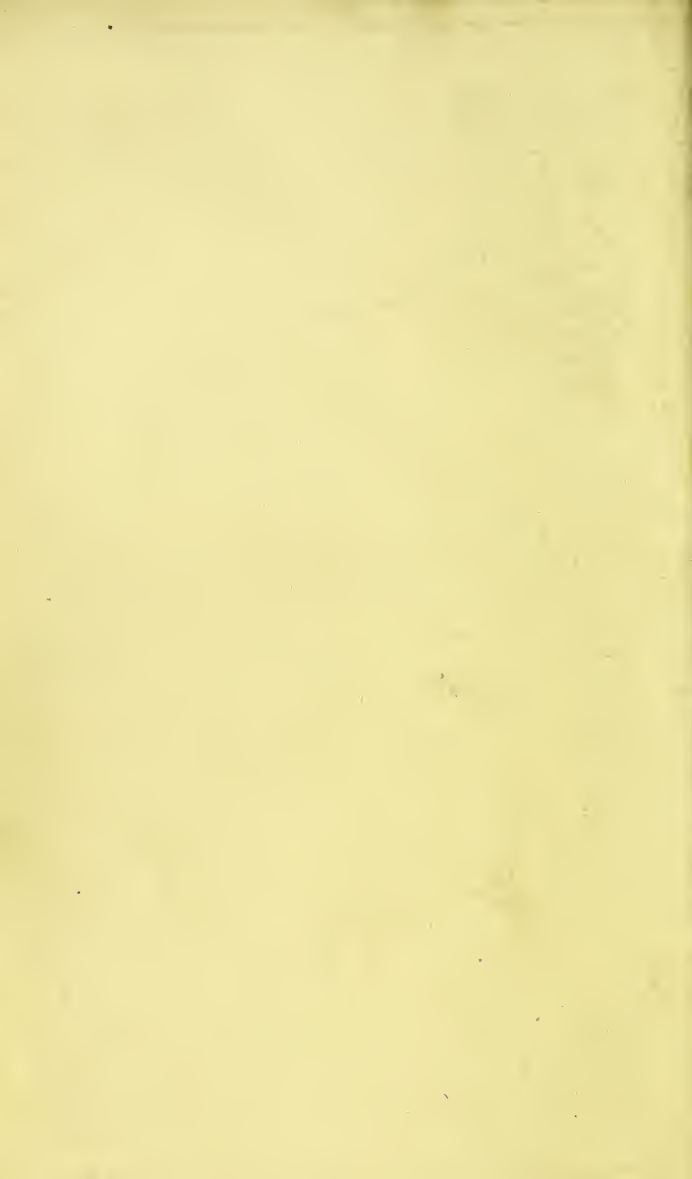












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